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THE SPHERE, JULY 17, 1937
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CL No. 1956 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 17 1937

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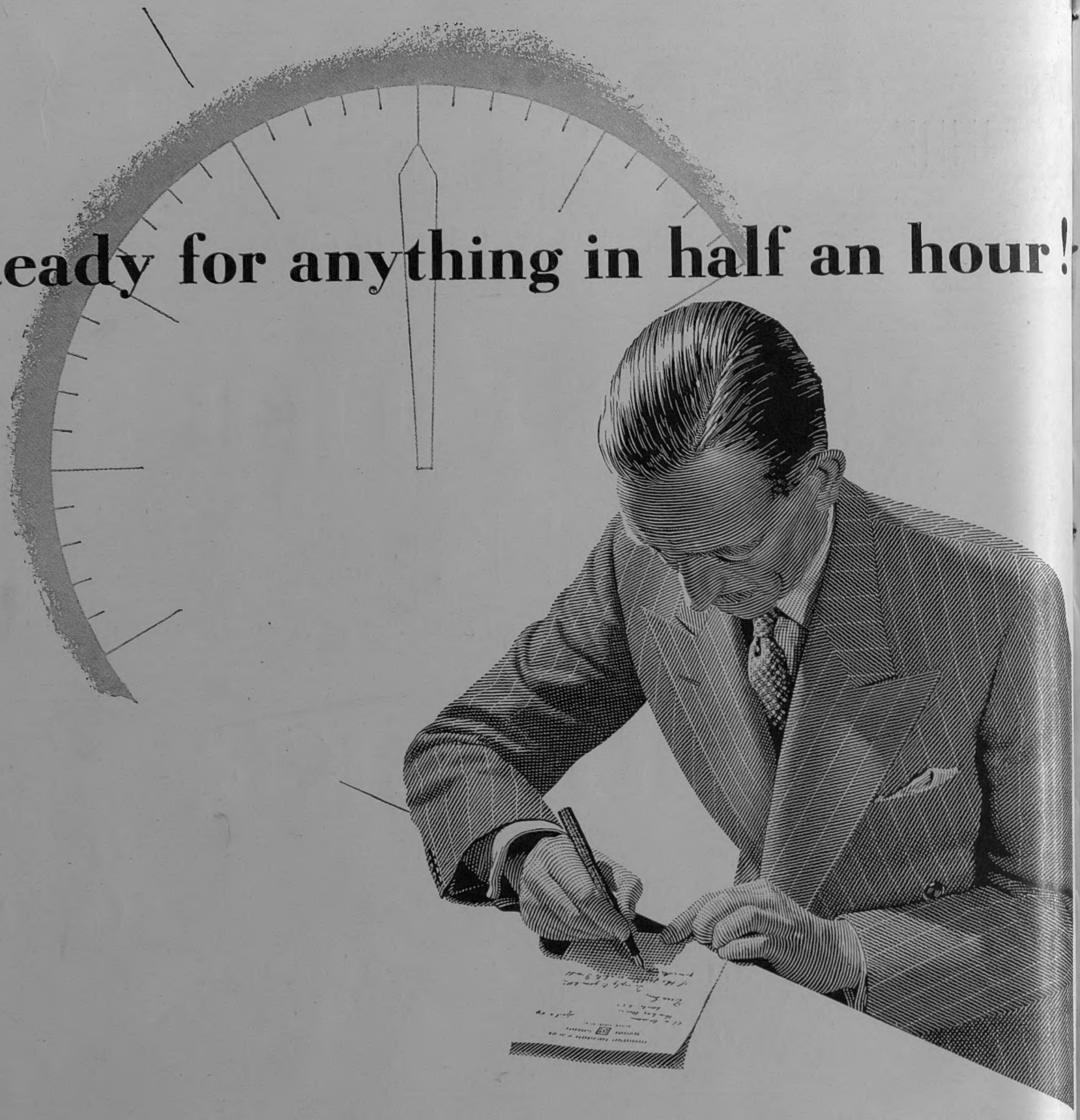

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in emoluments which they have voted themselves by seeking some means of alleviating this new burden on the unhappy taxpayer? I should say not. It does not appear that the Cost-of-living Commission will touch on the subject of coke prices or coal prices.

LORD ERNLE.—In Volume III of Mr. Lloyd George's *Memoirs* you may read what the author thought of Lord Ernle's services to his country as President of the Board of Agriculture from 1916 to the end of the war. By his knowledge and organising ability and supreme energy he counteracted much of the damage to our food supplies caused by the German submarine campaign, and in a short time turned us again into a corn-producing and vegetable-producing country. He was a man of infinite charm and culture, a literary man of a graceful and vanished age, a scholar and a great gentleman. Hearing him discourse on books in his wonderful old house in Chelsea, it was difficult to remember that he was also a man of affairs, a great organiser, an accepted authority on that most abstruse science of agriculture. The Duke of Bedford, whose agent he became, studied under him at Oxford. Lord Ernle was at Balliol himself and became a Fellow of All Souls, and represented his University in Parliament. He was for ever writing books of great charm, and his publications were legion on a variety of subjects. Perhaps the best known is his *Psalms in Human Life* which must have passed its thirtieth edition. He was as great an authority on Byron as on agriculture, as efficient and practical as he was scholarly and literary and cultured. How rare is such a type, how keenly the loss of such a man is felt by those who set a high standard on public life and social intercourse.

DISCOMFORT AFTER MEAL.—Far, very far, be it from me to say one word of criticism of the Group movement. Holiday time lies ahead, when journalists seek peace; and all trained journalists know that the most troublesome subject for criticism is religion in any form. I have no experience whatever of the Group movement and I can therefore (and often do) broadly express my gladness that it exists and prospers, since it is a movement towards religion and virtue. I only ask my friends to leave me out. But this I may say without seeking trouble:—When Miss Margaret Rawlings, guest of honour at Foyle's Eightieth Literary Luncheon (the Group movement luncheon), said her say and dropped her bombshell or brick, she did something which must be unique. The guest of honour at a banquet said in her speech what she really thought and not what she thought was expected of her. Can you parallel that in the long, dreary history of after-eating speechification? Why she said that the Groupist public confession struck her as indecent and indelicate, and as "psychic exhibitionism combined with sensual satisfaction" it is not for me—a stranger to the movement—to say. Perhaps the sight of Dr. Buchman introducing to the audience several bright figures in the movement, a peer, a general, a haberdasher, an ex-mayor, and so forth, who all thereupon publicly laid bare their souls, induced in her a feeling of nausea which caused her to fall back on that last and maddest of expedients—to tell the truth as she saw it. I do not know; but this I know:—It was by no means what was expected of her, it was by no means welcome. She, who had had the run of her teeth, asked for more—the run of her tongue.

BRITAIN AND THE BEAST.—Who is the beast? First and last the Beast which is destroying the heritage of English beauty is the Moloch of Speed. At the end of it, the hideous crime which is being pressed to completion to-day will be laid at the door of the Ministry of Transport, perhaps with partial justice. To the Moloch of Speed all authorities bow. The local authorities, whose activities are devastating the areas they control by sheer weakness of will, lack of policy, and total lack of taste, take their cue from the grandiloquent programmes of Transport Ministers—little cocks crowing on their dung hills—and are in no doubt that they will find favour by making every country lane in their area fit for heroes to scorch on, by lopping down every tree that affords shade and straightening every hedge that grows wild flowers. Under official encouragement, an orgy of uglification is in progress. If it were likely to benefit the motor industry, some excuse might be pleaded. The truth is, a point has been reached in the problem of road traffic when the industry itself is beginning to find that the favours extended to it are rather embarrassing than helpful. Every by-lane newly converted into a speed track pours into the main channel of traffic a more vigorous contributory stream. The industry itself is beginning to realise a truth we have often stressed that efforts to increase speed and to reduce congestion should be concentrated, at present, not on clearing the channels of tributary streams, but on widening and improving the main traffic routes, *and only along the lines of existing main roads*. The Germans, who are completing their great trunk-road schemes, have suddenly realised that they have built death-traps for themselves and pointers for the enemy in time of war.

THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.—Take the Portsmouth Road. Who dare prophesy that ten years hence the demand for trunk road facilities between London and Portsmouth will have doubled? (1). The Southern electrification scheme may well draw back much traffic from road to rail. (2). Portsmouth may well decline as a naval base, while it may increase in importance as a civil air base. Ten years hence it may possess less importance than to-day. (3). Ten years hence civil flying may have made quicker progress than in the last decade. If flying is indeed to make the progress prophesied for it, it must in time have some effect on the congestion of the roads. Yet, at the moment, on a tiny and unimportant section of the Portsmouth road, vast plans for doubling and trebling road facilities are in contemplation. Lord Selborne has called attention to the monstrous proposal by the Alton Planning Committee to build a by-pass road between Selborne and the Hangar, destroying for the purpose those famous lanes and tempting a new stream of unnecessary traffic to hold up progress on the main Portsmouth–London road and the main Winchester–Farnham road. Another scheme contemplates the "scrapping" of the main Portsmouth road at a point on the London side of Liphook and carrying a new section parallel to the existing road on the north-west side as far as Rake. Then, to avoid the perfectly straight and safe route through Rake, it is in contemplation to desecrate the famous Harting Combe by carrying a new road towards Portsmouth—to by-pass the already by-passed Petersfield—through the most difficult and unspoilt country in the neighbourhood of Rogate. Such grandiose schemes, incredibly costly, are the work of men drunk with the vanity of our age of speed and scientific triumphs, and blind to the future as they are blind to the traditions and wisdom of the past.

COME-BACKS IN SPORT.—England has gloriously won the "open" against a strong American challenge. Oxford has "staged her come-back" at long last. "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor." She has regained the ashes in the two oldest and major events of the University sporting year. She won the boat race and the cricket match very easily. It is a good corrective for Cambridge. What of Harrow? Without considering the redemption of the second day's play, that first innings can only be described as *harrowing*. Small wonder that the face of the sky grew leaden and the clouds burst into gentle tears. I am not going to talk of cricket, which so profoundly bores Eton boys that they prefer to fly up to Scotland for a day's fishing during Lord's. Rather, I will say something quite new about Lord's. When the spectators returned home, I wonder how many discovered the appalling damage done to frocks and grey toppers. Scores of these garments were found to have been completely ruined with black and indelible spots of a sticky substance. Do the victims realise the cause? It was a composition of raindrops mixed with the oily substance of the lime-tree leaves, coloured with London soot. I wonder in terms of pounds, shillings and pence how much damage those lime trees did. And what will the M.C.C. do about it?

THE OLD STAGER

iversary of the Honourable the Honourable Artillery Com- med in 1638, who have come pecting them. Another aspect 400 years of progress. arer (1588 period) with his sword

BRITAIN'S OPEN GOLF VICTORY: Henry Cotton, the new British Open Golf Champion putting from the edge of the 10th green. He went on to win the Championship at Carnoustie from R. A. Whitcombe (2nd) and C. Lacey (3rd)

A LABOUR RALLY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: Undeterred by the declining Labour vote evidenced by the results of the recent by-elections London Labour staged a demonstration in Trafalgar Square on Saturday last. Mr. Dick Coppock, chairman of the L.C.C. Highways Committee is seen addressing the crowd

THE WEEK'S NEWS

A RESCUE AT SEA: A thrilling rescue was effected by the Japanese liner S.S. *Nakozaki Maru* whilst on her way to England a few days ago. When about 350 miles out from Gibraltar, a Portuguese Government plane was forced down in the sea. The liner put about and went to the assistance of the pilot. A Portuguese pilot vessel subsequently brought in the plane

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS TAKES PLACE IN NORMANDY: T
year in the picturesque little Norman town of Lisieux. The ceremo
procession through the packed streets. The Pope has broadca
on Sunday last for the Fes

SPANISH EX-PRINCE MARRIED IN HAVANA: The Count of Covadonga, eldest son of the former King Alfonso of Spain, and his very beautiful bride, Señorita Marta Rocafort y Altuzarra Vedado, pictured at the reception following their wedding in the home of Don Manuel Zamora, Spanish millionaire and friend of the Count

TWO GIRLS WHO STAYED BEHIND: Here is another inter
by the forces of General Franco. Life in the city appears
wearing the Carlist beret for the first time since the fall of the
whose affable mood is in striki

ABROAD: France, Cuba, and Spain

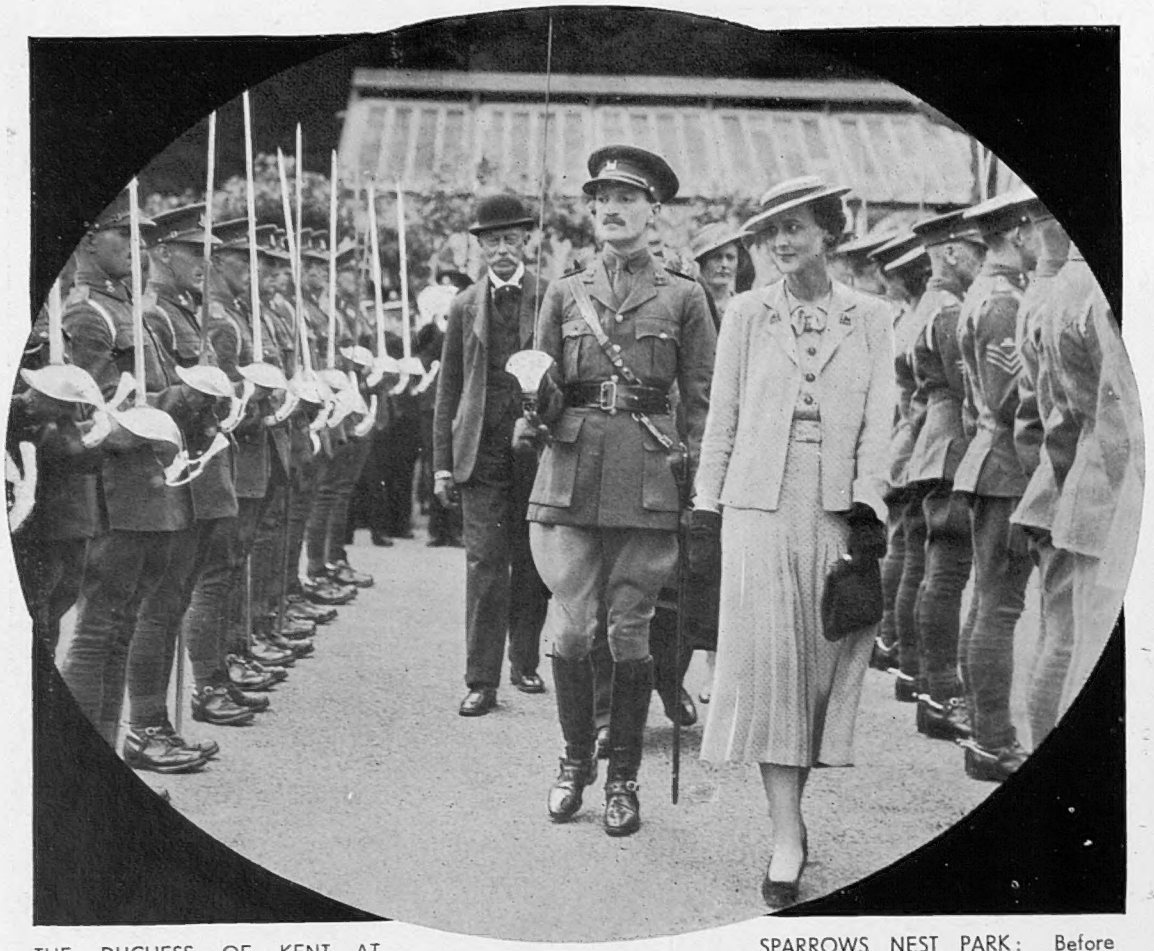
great annual ongress of the Roman Catholic Church is being held this was attended y Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Legate who was borne in a wireless ssage in French from the Vatican station to the town of St. Teres the Infant Jesus

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO VISITS PARIS: The native ruler of Morocco Sidi Mohamed is paying a visit to the French capital. General Nogues who is acting as his immediate host is seen on the left. The Sultan is wearing a white robe which differs somewhat from the more usual burnous worn by his Grand Vizier, El Mokhri (right)

icture from Bilbao showing life in the Biscayan capital since its capture apidly assuming complete normality. The two girls seen here are hey are having a friendly chat with a couple of Moorish troopers, ras with their terrific fighting qualities

LABOUR TROUBLES IN FRANCE: Some odd situations have arisen through the institution of the 40-hour week especially in the hotel and café business. The proprietors sought to establish a five-day week and this has led to numerous strikes and street demonstrations necessitating the guarding of many of the well-known cafes

COURT AND



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT SPARROWS NEST PARK: Before laying the foundation stone of the hostel of Lowestoft Hospital, which is to be the town's memorial to King George V, the Duchess inspected a guard of honour at Sparrows Nest Park where she received a number of purses

THE KING AND QUEEN AT BALLAHOUSTON PA
Holyrood to the great industrial capital of Scotla
incident was the unveiling of an obelisk which b
the coming Em

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IN SATIN: The Duchesses were very busy last week, but the Duchess of Gloucester found time to pay a surprise visit to the Royal School of Needlework in order to view the Coronation Robes

A CHARACTERISTIC SNAPSHOT AT LORD'S: Just one of the many little groups which characterised the two-day social and sporting festival at St. John's Wood

UNDER THE SHADOW OF DUMBARTON'S RO
King and Queen paid a visit to the dramat
are seen ascending the steps to the gateway
who was appointed Keep

SOCIETY NEWS

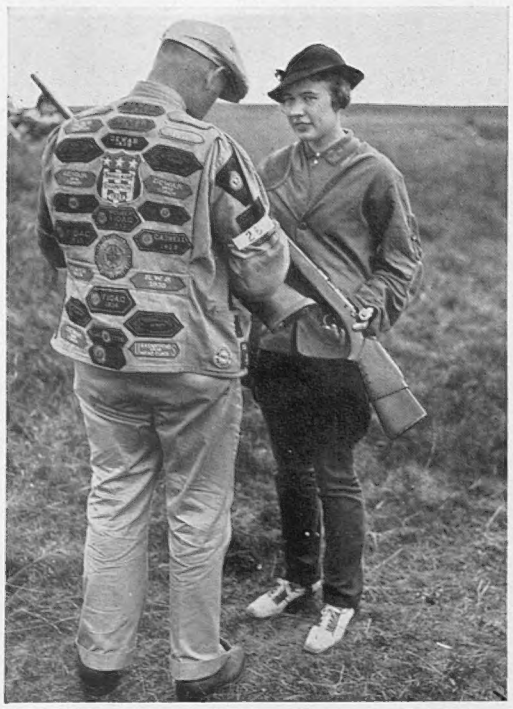
GLASGOW: The King and Queen paid a visit from [illegible] where they were tumultuously welcomed. An outstanding [illegible] records the royal visit to the city and marks the site of the Exhibition of 1938

A DELUGE OF RAIN AT LORD'S: The first day's play of the Eton and Harrow match was marred by a heavy downfall of rain in the late afternoon. Umbrellas were at a premium, but failed to preserve silk hats and shoes and stockings from considerable damage

During the Royal visit to Glasgow and the Clyde, the [illegible]laced castle which clings to Dumbarton's Rock. They [illegible]aving received the keys from Sir George Stirling [illegible]umbarton Castle by King George V in 1927

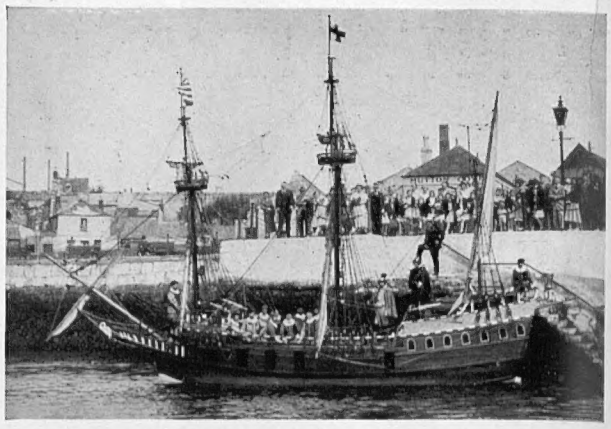
STRIKING FASHIONS AT LORD'S: Although variable weather marked the Eton v. Harrow match, there were spells of sunshine enabling the toilettes to be studied

VICTORIAN FRILLS: One of the most successful of the dresses seen at Lord's was a clever re-creation from Victorian days. The elegant skirt of lace was set off by a jaunty be-ribboned silken jacket and feather-trimmed hat



WEARING HIS LAURELS: Mr. V. Z. Canfields of Ohio, U.S.A. who is competing in the Coronation Meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. His jacket is completely covered with badges

CORONATION WORK REWARDED: Sir Philip Game presenting medals at a recent parade of District Messenger boys in St. Martin's Churchyard for their strenuous work during the Coronation period



THE "GOLDEN HIND" ON TOUR: This reproduction of Francis Drake's famous ship is now touring the coast preparatory to appearing in the programme of the Devonport Navy Week. Not only is the Navy having its special public functions this year, but the Merchant Navy has followed suit with a week of instruction and entertainment at Southampton as detailed in the article below

RADIO GLOBE-TROTTER: Miss Aloha Baker, who travels for American radio audiences, is now in London. Miss Baker lives an adventurous life seeing everything of interest in the British Empire

MARIE NEY PRESENTS L.C.C. PRIZES: At Springwell House, the open-air school on Clapham Common, Miss Marie Ney gave away the prizes at an interesting annual function

MISS PAMELA DIGBY-BELL, who was presented by her mother at Their Majesties' Court at Holyroodhouse on July 8. Miss Digby-Bell is the daughter of Surgeon-Captain Digby-Bell, R.N. Ret.

COMEDY DANCERS FROM AMERICA: A brilliant item in the new Comedy Cabaret at Grosvenor House is supplied by the two amusing dancers, Harris and Shore. They came from the St. Regis, New York, where they have established a great reputation with a critical public

THE FIRST MERCHANT NAVY WEEK

THE various authorities are discovering that the public is very willing to be interested in anything to do with the sea if it is presented attractively, although still unnecessarily nervous of technicalities; and there is every indication that the first Merchant Navy Week, arranged at Southampton between July 17 and July 24, will be a great popular attraction. For years the Southern Railway has been taking large excursion parties down to Southampton to see the docks and giant liners, but this year, inspired by the success of the annual Navy Weeks at the Royal Dockyards, a real exhibition has been arranged.

The greatest ordinary objection to such a scheme is that commercial ports are not usually compact like the dockyards, so that it is generally impossible to find a central position. The recent extension to Southampton Docks, however, was designed for the future and there are, close against the railway on the reclaimed area, vast cargo sheds as yet little used which are ideal for the purpose of the exhibition, and the biggest ships in the world can lie alongside the quay within a few feet of their doors.

So the first problem of a suitable site was solved, but there were still pessimists who thought that the organisers, even when backed by the influence of the Missions to Seamen and the Earl of Athlone with whom they were co-operating, would be checked by the apathy of the public, which is always presumed to take for granted the Merchant Navy on which the country's food supplies depend.

To everybody's surprise extraordinary enthusiasm was shown the moment the principles of the scheme were released. Models, pictures, shipping relics, and the like, many of them very rare and valuable, flowed in from all sides. Heirlooms which had been prized by families for generations and the treasures of the coastal and seaport museums were offered alongside the steamship companies' window models, whose cost runs into thousands of pounds.

It has been possible to make a really striking, and easily understood, historical picture showing how the carrying service has developed through the centuries, but naturally the greatest attention is paid to the modern types of ship which carry the trade of the country to-day, feeding the majority of the people and taking our goods to foreign markets, as well as transporting passengers overseas in varying grades of luxury. There is a great fascination in ship models, from those which were carved in the worst of conditions during long voyages under sail—and all too often exchanged for a few drinks or a night's lodging when the voyage was over—to the jeweller's work of the specialist firms to-day.

At the present time, when merchant ships are becoming more and more costly and intricate to handle, most shipowners are really anxious to attract a better class of lad to the sea in all grades, and they look to the various training ships and shore establishments for most of the recruits. These establishments—public, semi-public and private—are putting up exhibits and demonstrations which are among the most interesting of the whole exhibition and both parents and boys can see how every kind of sailor can be made nowadays without the hardships that were taken as a matter of course by their predecessors, from the rope's end onward.

Various Government departments have fully realised the importance of the "Week," and have given it support which is seldom accorded to any exhibition organised by private enterprise.

The Admiralty is also well to the fore, for the present policy of the Board is to appreciate the connection between the fighting and the carrying navies. Many exhibits show how the two services help each other, and alongside the wall the battleship *Resolution* and the new cruiser *Southampton*, appropriately named for a ship specially designed to protect commerce, will be open to visitors.

But a large proportion will prefer the rarer opportunities of thoroughly inspecting some of the most famous luxury liners in the world, the Cunard White Star *Queen Mary*, whose name is a household word, the crack Canadian Pacific *Empress of Britain*, the Royal Mail *Asturias* which runs to South America and the Union-Castle *Warwick Castle* on the Cape Service.

Arrangements have been made to keep the exhibition open from 10.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. each day, but it is difficult to imagine that any enthusiast will be able to examine half what is shown in that time.

Frank Bowen

BISLEY'S BROTHERHOOD of the GUN

End of Term Activities at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich

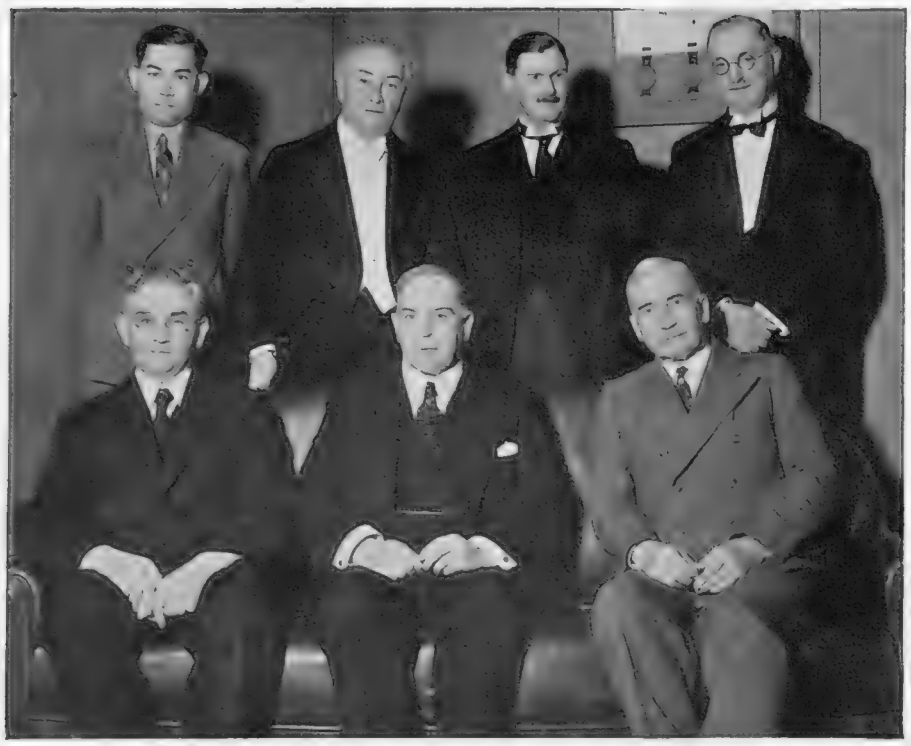
A BIG DAY AT THE "SHOP": Cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, lying full length on the grass as they watched their colleagues giving an end of term physical training and riding display. On another page will be found a picture of them at the half-yearly inspection by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff

A BIG REWARD FOR A BIG EFFORT: Lord Strathcona, Under Secretary of State for War, presenting the China Cup, the largest of the N.R.A.'s silver trophies, to the winning team—the 44th (Home Counties) Division of the Territorial Army, which had thus scored its third victory in this event in eight years. The match is for teams of six riflemen and two light machine gunners shooting at three hundred yards distance against specially arranged targets

CONTRAST ON THE RANGES

Sergeant Tinbela Dagasti, a marksman of the Gold Coast Regiment, engaged in sighting during one of the events at Bisley

Boys from Glasgow Academy and Watson's College, whose dress struck a contrasting note. They were competing for the Ashburton Shield



STATESMEN OF EMPIRE: An historic group taken at Broadcasting House, London, at the time of the Coronation. Left to right, sitting—The Right Hon. M. J. Savage (Premier of New Zealand), the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King (Premier of Canada), and General the Right Hon. J. B. M. Hertzog (Premier of South Africa). Standing—Dr. B. A. Maw (Chief Minister of Burma), the Right Hon. J. A. Lyons (Premier of Australia), the Right Hon. G. M. Huggins (Premier of Southern Rhodesia), and Mr. W. R. Howley (vice-Chairman of Newfoundland Commission of Government)

THE COMMONWEALTH SETS EUROPE WONDERING

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHAT, Marshal v. Blomberg wanted to know, did this Coronation rejoicing really represent? The Commonwealth? Only Great Britain? Perhaps only the Metropolitan area?

The German soldier, who is believed to have gone away hesitant about accepting the full first, but convinced that the third might be ruled right out, typifies a new curiosity among countless foreigners on the Continent to-day. As good a way as any of putting it, slang or no slang, is to say that the Dominions have "come alive" for millions of French, Germans, Russians, Poles, Swiss, Scandinavians, Balts, Balkanites, Dutch, Belgians, Austrians, Czechs, and, of course, Italians. From having been for so long misrepresented as a pack of provincials loosely stowed away in the coat-tails of John Bull for periodic production at Geneva in order to pack the Council of the League, the principal component parts of the Empire overseas have become subjects of first-class interest.

There are all sorts of reasons for this. We have been steadily asking for the quizzing we are getting ever since we first showed signs of sagging at the knees two years ago. Three kings in a year kept foreign interest well sustained.

"No political entity," wrote Sir Arthur Salter, "has ever in history comprised so large a population as the British Empire, or so great a proportion of the earth's surface, or such stores of natural resources; none has covered such dispersed units and such a variety of races, cultures, creeds, and stages of civilisation; none has included such a range of experiments in constitutional and administrative systems, and none perhaps has, in relation to intrinsic dangers and difficulties, proved to have such a surprising 'survival value'."

The most recent evidence of this survival value, when the Crown, that super-bauble, alone held the whole show together, last December, enormously piqued Continental curiosity.

Meanwhile we had come right back, with all-in, stop press, latest edition re-arming, at a moment when even our best and smallest admirers had begun to fear the worst. Yet we continued to offer the other cheek as the not-so-covert Spanish challenge unfolded.

It all meant the front page for us in endless reviews, appreciations, riddlings. Not only did the Continent scent high drama in the air—had this thing feet of clay, or was it capable of stringing together in uniquely successful self-maintenance?—but it became absorbed in "the thing" itself, so queer and yet so sometimes very clear.

The Imperial Conference, sitting mainly for foreign policy and defence, supplied the ultimate touch, if one had been necessary, causing Europe as a whole frankly to come to the conclusion that, in its strength or in its weakness, the Commonwealth was to-day Factor No. 1 in the immediate future evolution of the world. "All countries great and small are concerned by what the British Empire does," says a Swiss writer.

Some of the foreign writings these times are illuminating. "If an Australian could live in the physical environment of the American and think and speak like the Englishman, life would hold no more for him." Or this: "Canada is American in many ways, fiercely British in others, and with a French core." This: "South Africa will be the first Dominion that will have to envisage things and act as a European nation." But to go on quoting would mean a sad jumble, since the Commonwealth is being put through the sieve all ways—economically, culturally, historically, in its capacity for defence. And no doubt at all but that it is the last which most grips the foreigner. Can this vulnerable and dispersed Commonwealth continue to survive in the air age, under the first serious challenge, in the direct sense, that it has had to contend with since the grave days so thrillingly set forth in *Lloyd's of London?* Can a democracy hope to continue to run an Empire in the new-style world? Can the haphazard assortment of amazing nations comprising the Commonwealth endure much longer as a vital world force in the absence of some central secretariat which one or two of the more puissant units decline to accept, as calculated to resuscitate London hegemony? One found this being weighed in an Austrian paper, and did one suggest that perhaps absence of control was the very secret of all, how could you expect the average control-ridden Continental to believe that? As a matter of fact, it is a distinctly tricky job, answering questions currently *in re* Commonwealth plans, prospects, evolution, and nowhere more so than in the case of Ireland. Yet Mr. De Valera remains a source of eternal interest abroad.

Several of the Dominion leaders have been visiting foreign capitals and their passage whipped up further interest. When Canada's leader went to open the Canadian Pavilion, he announced to all whom it might concern that should England be menaced, Canada would be found at her side. "Did that mean," asked a French friend, "that the Canadians would crowd back to fight in France, as twenty years ago?"

What Mr. Mackenzie King may have managed to get into the conversation during ninety minutes of Herr Hitler, is not recorded, but this semi-official German appreciation had preceded him, in fact, one has small doubt, was influenced by Von Blomberg who said he intended talking to important people when he got home. "The unity and the unanimity of the British Empire has been proved anew. The material and moral community of interests of the world-wide Commonwealth of Nations has been clearly demonstrated. The joint development of policy and armaments is an eloquent expression of this fact."

Mr. Lyons got to Rome at one period, yet no such appreciation resulted at that end of the "Axe." And for the very good reason that the Duce thinks we are stupid. This is the latest thing to be crammed. Pick up an Italian paper, listen to a snatch on the wireless, and the chances are that you will learn how stupid are the English—the whole Commonwealth mosaic as derived from most races under the sun being compulsed by the brilliant Italiano crammers into the one type "English," usually depicted journalistically in the form of a long-toothed, kilted figure balancing a bottle of whisky.

A good deal of the newspaper and kindred reactions to the Commonwealth, as encountered in the Levant and even Balkans, one heard attributed to the outpourings of Bari, that unanswered, uncombated, carte blanche pivot of Fascist culture on the Adriatic, which chiefly reiterates in varied Eastern and near Eastern dialects what a low-down lot we are, decadent, cruel, treacherous, and *stupid*, ever villainously in the wrong and whose number is Up.

Does the possibility exist that history will say it was the Duce who shook the British Empire into one piece? A Czech writer thinks so, contending that we should bless the particular Fascist method. The belief certainly does seem to be growing on the Continent (and it needed to) that we are now likely to come through all right. It was not thought that France and Britain would or could stand resolutely together, with their immense Mediterranean potentialities, as they are doing. And a profound impression has been made by the plan for the development of independent armaments industries in the Dominions, far from the crashing bomb. One knew that all raw materials and food could be got from that quarter, but that guns, tanks, aeroplanes, munitions, and even ships of war, will in future be fashioned thousands of miles away from the Alps or the Elbe, is something new, a surprise packet.

The secrecy surrounding the deliberations of the Imperial Conference has had the effect of letting loose a great deal of speculation and in no realm more so than in the strategic one. We even, now, have an "axis of Empire." It had to come, and apparently extends across two hemispheres from New Zealand to Vancouver via Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Malta, Gibraltar, London, Montreal, Victoria. One used only to hear of the "route des Indes" but now it is "l'axe de l'Empire." And a new pastime is that of testing it along the way. Finding out the supposed weak spots. The weakest is given as Malta, "if we take London's problem on one side for separate treatment," as one strategist puts it.

Yet even little Malta need not give up hope, apparently, provided the French remain staunch at Bizerta.

A great deal of attention is given to Singapore and to the supposed Japanese project for building a canal through the Kra Isthmus, thereby getting access into the Indian Ocean. But foreign observers believe that the Japan of Hirohito and Chichibu intends to try and refashion the onetime friendship that existed with Britain.

The new defence of Empire is seen abroad as being based on three leading factors: protection of the heart, London; assurance of supply to the British Isles; and rapid concentration of air and sea power, predominantly the first, at any point that is threatened along the "axe." Big air forces are believed to be about to come into being in the Dominions, and their advent is viewed as likely to be decisive. In other words, the air age will not have wrecked but have saved the Empire!

Into Britain's repeated questing after a Western Air Pact is read nervousness concerning London's possible fate in an air war. Well enough, to have a screen of small countries between the capital and an aggressor, but that might not hinder a destruction and eventual reduction bringing with it the demise of the Commonwealth. Then, why, it is asked in several quarters, is nothing done towards preparing the teeming millions of the Metropolis for air perils? Germany's shelters and her air drill, in which are involved no fewer than 2,000,000 young women, alone could well prove decisive in the panic twentieth century.

Speculation on how the Commonwealth might stand up to things, if challenged, tends to display a certain doubt with regard to the admirable conception "Each for All and All for Each." Would

(Continued on page 118)

SITE OF A GREAT NEW BRITISH AIR BASE: The Mesaorea Plain, near Nicosia, Cyprus, where work is shortly to be started on a project that is to play a large part in the Imperial scheme of defence and which, incidentally, will bring undreamt of prosperity to this Mediterranean island, the strategic importance of which is at last being fully recognised

THE CORONATION VISIT TO EDINBURGH

ANCIENT CEREMONIAL IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: The scene on Edinburgh Castle Esplanade as the King and Queen were about to be admitted to the Castle in traditional fashion prior to His Majesty placing a wreath at the entrance to the National Memorial. While trumpeters sounded a fanfare, Lyon King of Arms advanced between the Heralds to request the opening of the gates

FISHERFOLK ARRIVE TO GREET THEIR KING AND QUEEN: A delightful scene in the streets of Newhaven on the morning of Their Majesties' drive through Leith and district. *On left*—The King and Queen and the Duke of Kent passing the John Knox house when on their way to St. Giles Cathedral to attend the service at which Her Majesty was installed the First Lady of the Order of the Thistle

FORBIDDEN BHUTAN

A Record of the Governor of Bengal's Visit to this Little-known Land where Europeans May Go Only at the Invitation of the Maharaja

By JOHN DAVIE

BHUTAN'S RULER: Maharaja Sir Jigme Wangchuk, K.C.I.E., and his wife at Government House, Calcutta, where some time ago they stayed with Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal. On leaving, the Maharaja invited Sir John to come to Bhutan, a land that extremely few Europeans have ever seen, and it is this highly interesting return visit that is described in the accompanying article

BHUTAN, stretching for some 200 miles along the southern slopes of the Himalayas, lies between Assam and Tibet, its western frontier marching with Sikkim. The inhabitants, very similar in appearance to their Tibetan neighbours, were converted to Buddhism in the eighth century by an Indian saint, Padma Sambhava, generally known in Bhutan as Guru Rimpoche. When Sir Ugyen Wangchuk was appointed first hereditary Maharaja in 1907 centuries of internal strife came to an end, and in 1915 a treaty was signed with the Government of India by which the latter undertook responsibility for the foreign relations of Bhutan on condition that they in no way interfered with her internal affairs. Determined to preserve their independence, the Bhutanese have closed their frontiers to Europeans, and they can be crossed only at the invitation of the Maharaja.

Yet few indeed are they who have been privileged to cross the frontiers of this forbidden land. There are probably fewer than forty Europeans alive to-day who have seen the wonders of this enchanting country still completely untouched by western civilisation. It was therefore with some feeling of excitement that we received the Maharaja, His Highness Sir Jigme Wangchuk, accompanied by his wife and bodyguard of Bhutanese soldiers at Government House, Calcutta, on his first visit to the outside world. He greatly enjoyed

IN THE SHADOW OF CHOMOLHARI: Yaks grazing on the Phari plain below the sacred mountain of Tibet; a picture taken by a member of the Governor of Bengal's party when on the way to little-known Bhutan to return the Maharaja's visit to Calcutta. This mighty peak, which rises to a height of 23,930 ft., was recently climbed by Mr. F. Spencer Chapman, who is said to have made the attempt on his own

On left—THE "TIGER'S NEST": The monastery of Tak Thsang, perched on a ledge of rock cut into the face of a perpendicular cliff some 2,000 ft. in height, must surely be one of the most remarkable buildings in the world, and the labour that went to its construction in such a position must have been prodigious. It lies just inside the Bhutanese frontier, and Governor Sir John Anderson was entertained there when on his way to Paro Dzong

ON THE ROAD TO PARO DZONG: The Governor of Bengal's party accompanied by Bhutanese soldiers as they started out on the last stage of their journey to the home of the Paro Penlop, the second most important personage in Bhutan, who received them and entertained them on the Maharaja's behalf. The accoutrements of the warriors, reminiscent of crusading days, aroused immense interest among the visitors

GUARD OF HONOUR AT PARO DZONG: Bhutanese soldiers, with their medieval looking helmets and silken costumes, drawn up in two lines as the European visitors made their way across the fortress courtyard to attend the luncheon given in their honour by the Paro Penlop who entertained them on a lavish scale

himself, seeing trains and motor cars for the first time, and before leaving he invited His Excellency Sir John Anderson to pay a return visit to his country during the following months. It was my privilege to accompany His Excellency on this journey.

So it came about that, mounting our ponies, we left Gangtok, the Sikkim capital, on our two hundred-mile journey through Tibet and Bhutan. Every article that we might need during the next three weeks had to be taken with us, necessitating in addition to fifteen riding ponies, a baggage train of more than fifty mules. Crossing the Tibetan frontier by the Nathu La, from where at 14,400 ft. one of the finest views in that part of the world can be obtained, we rode on along the beautiful Chumbi valley by the banks of the Amo Chu to Yatung, where we arrrived on the third evening.

Two days later we arrived on the Phari plain surrounded by herds of yaks grazing under the shadow of Chomolhari, the sacred mountain of Tibet. One of the most beautiful mountains in the world, Chomolhari rises, cone-shaped and snow-covered almost to the foot, 10,000 ft. out of the middle of the plain,

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On left — THE CAVALCADE ARRIVES: The scene at Paro Dzong, a massive building lying at the foot of a tree-clad hill, as the European visitors reached the goal of their journey. Marching just ahead of them was a detachment of Bhutanese warriors

A GENIAL HOST: The Paro Penlop, one of the great chieftains of Bhutan, who received Sir John Anderson at his fortress home, Paro Dzong, and gave a series of entertainments to mark the occasion, including devil dancing and archery. The Penlop is about thirty-five years of age, with pronounced Mongolian feature, and great charm of manner. As yet he has not been able to find the time to travel beyond the borders of his own land

FORBIDDEN BHUTAN

(*Continued from page 97*)

On left—
BHUTANESE WARRIORS: Retainers of the Paro Penlop in their medieval-looking helmets and multi-coloured costumes. Bhutan has no standing army but, under the feudal system which is still in force there, these men would be the first to act in the country's defence

giving it a total height of nearly 24,000 ft. Phari itself, generally known as the highest town in the world, is certainly the dirtiest. With a night temperature of eight degrees of frost at the beginning of October and an icy wind howling across the plain by day, the inhabitants consider washing superfluous. Drains are unknown and all rubbish is thrown on the narrow streets. These, after many years of such treatment, are raised far above the ground floor level, necessitating a flight of steps down to the entrance of the houses.

Three miles from Phari lay the Bhutanese frontier, crossed at 16,500 ft. by a pass known as the Tremo La. Reaching the summit, an astonishing sight awaited us. Behind us in the freezing cold, lay the Phari plain, bleak and treeless, ravished by an icy wind. Before us, we gazed down upon the wondrous beauty of the wooded hills and valleys of Bhutan, bathed in sunshine. On reaching our camp at Sharma we had climbed 2,000 ft. and dropped 6,000 ft. in eighteen miles.

THE PARO PENLOP AND HIS THREE GUESTS: The feudal chieftain of Paro Dzong with Sir John Anderson (right), Governor of Bengal, at the farewell luncheon party he gave on the hill above his fortress home

The following day was largely devoted to a visit to the monastery of Tak Thsang or the Tiger's nest, which could be seen thousands of feet above us. Perched on a ledge of rock cut into the face of a perpendicular cliff 2,000 ft. high, it must be one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. Guru Rimpoche, the founder of the Lamaist religion in Bhutan, when he visited that country riding according to local tradition on a tiger, retired for a time into meditation at this spot, and round the cave in which he dwelt this monastery was constructed. Immense labour must have been required to build it, for after a three-hour climb from the bottom of the valley, the only approach for the last half mile is a narrow ledge, little more than a yard wide, running along the face of the cliff.

Met by the Head Lama we were refreshed with Tibetan tea and saffron rice and then conducted over the monastery. A number of shrines dedicated to Guru Rimpoche were fitted into the recesses in the rocks, and in one of them, stored in an enormous urn, were the remains of Rimpoche's teacher. Curious little balconies, on which we were careful to put no weight, hung out over the cliff, so that as you looked down over the loose rail, nothing lay between you and the bottom of the cliff 2,000 ft. below.

DEVIL DANCING: Lamas and soldiers, dressed as ghouls, bulls, stags, and other creatures entertaining the English visitors in the courtyard of the Paro Dzong

We were now only eight miles from Paro. This was the objective of our journey, and the home of the Paro Penlop, who, after the Maharaja, is the greatest chieftain in Bhutan. He had arranged a great welcome for us. Turning a corner some four miles from Paro, we were startled by there port of cannon, and saw before us, drawn up in line, a hundred of the Penlop's soldiers and retainers.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of that line of dazzling colour. The soldiers with their quaint medieval accoutrements were dressed in silken costumes, blue and yellow, green and scarlet, plum and coral, knee length and girdled at the waist. The blue and yellow trappings that surrounded a helmet of shining steel fell as a protection over neck and shoulders. A round wooden shield with metal bosses was slung across the back, while every man carried two full-length swords, one in a silver sheath slung at the side ready for immediate use, and the other, sheathed in hide, slung behind wrapped in a bag of coloured cloth. In the centre of the line were the colours and a pipe band.

"WE WERE THE FIRST EUROPEANS TO SET FOOT AMONG THESE HILLS" says John Davie, author of the accompanying article, in describing this picture taken above Ha in the wilds of Bhutan as the Governor of Bengal's party was on its way to Paro to meet the Penlop

As we rode up the line every man bowed low, so that a wave appeared to pass from one end to the other, and it seemed that the centuries had slipped back and we were witnessing an inspection of crusaders in the Holy Land.

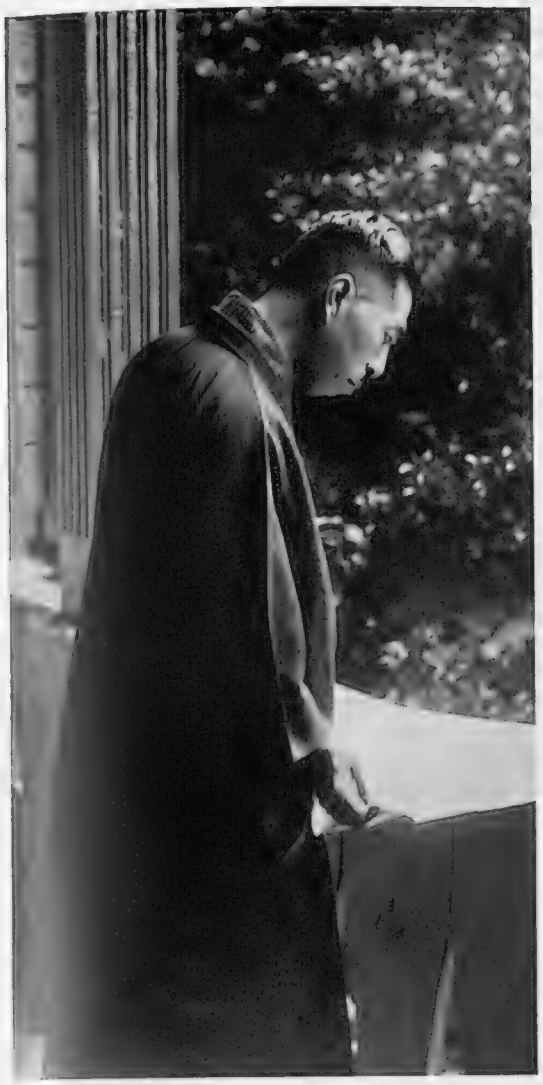
An alfresco lunch had been prepared for us and while we ate the Penlop's two private dancers, accompanied by two trumpeters, danced before us. Like the soldiers they were gorgeously dressed, their legs, bare below the knee, displaying the wonderfully developed calves so characteristic of the Bhutanese. In the right hand they carried a double hand drum, beaten as it was turned by knots on the ends of attached leather strings. These they twirled in perfect unison as they revolved gracefully before us.

The procession was now formed that was to lead us into Paro. A column of eighty soldiers with pipe band and colours led the way. Behind them came the two dancers who danced unceasingly with the same

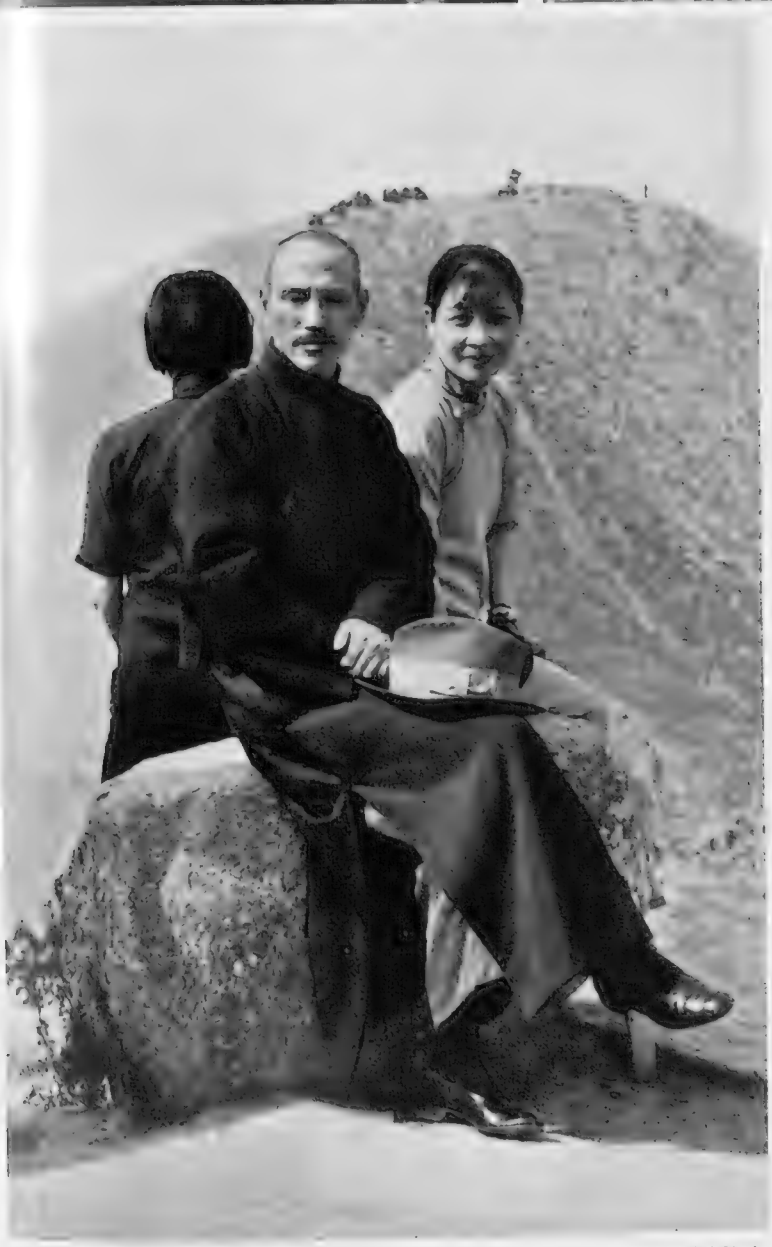
(*Continued on page 118*)

SINO-JAPANESE FRICTION ONCE AGAIN EVIDENT:

Some Personalities in the Limelight of Oriental Affairs—Japan's "Ministry of All the Talents"—China's Military Chiefs



A NEW CABINET TAKES OFFICE IN TOKYO: The first picture to arrive in this country of members of the Konoye Government, a "Ministry of all the talents," formed on a coalition basis to succeed that of General Hayashi and to combat undue interference by the army in administrative affairs. Reading from left to right in the front row are:—Mr. Tokihiko Shiono (Justice), Mr. Eichi Baba (Home Affairs), Mr. Koki Hirota (Foreign Affairs), and Prince Konoye (Prime Minister), who is also pictured above on left. The Prince is the head of an ancient family of Court nobles entrusted with the duty of guarding the Emperor, and could hardly be called a professional politician, though possessing considerable Parliamentary experience and ability. On taking office he announced that Japan's external policy sought peace based on justice, but last week, when his regime had only just got under way, came the news that Japanese troops were at the very gates of Peiping and that Sino-Japanese friction had broken out anew. Other notabilities in the above group are:—Viscount Arima (Agriculture), Mr. Shinji Yoshino (Commerce), Admiral Yonai (Navy), Mr. Eiji Tasui (Education), Mr. T. Nakaima (Railways), Mr. Oknobu Kaya (Finance), General Sugiyama (War), and Mr. R. Nagai (Communications)



STRONG MEN OF CHINA: *Above*—An informal study of Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek, the country's military dictator, on holiday with his wife in Shensi province. *Right*—Mr. Wang Ching-Wei, a former Chinese Premier and now Chairman of the Northern Provinces Political Council, pictured with General Ten Hsi-Shan, Commander of the troops in Shansi and as such an important figure in the defence of the northern frontier. It was well-nigh impossible to determine from the news that reached England last Friday which side was the aggressor in the fighting that broke out between Chinese and Japanese troops near Peiping, but it is known that Tokyo has been watching with alarm the manner in which the Nanking Government has been regaining control in north China

AIRCRAFT PLAY A DOMINATING PART IN SPAIN'S WAR

Though Neither Side has Used its Resources to the Best Possible Advantage nor has the War so far Given a Definite Lead to the Air Strategy and Tactics of Future Wars Between First Class Powers

By C. D. PALMER

FAIR judgment of the influence which aircraft have had in the Spanish Civil War is difficult to arrive at because of the highly biased and mutually contradictory reports which have come from both sides in the struggle. They have been served by ardent propagandists here and in other countries who in books and articles have set out to prove the superiority in the air of the party which has their sympathy. There has certainly been a great deal of hard lying on behalf of both sides.

Practically none of the reports has emanated from anyone with technical knowledge of the air or of air warfare, and the fact that almost all reports are blatantly propagandist makes it difficult to get an idea of what has really happened, and to read the lessons of the struggle as they affect modern air war.

It seems certain that a preponderance of bombing aircraft and heavy artillery has been responsible for General Franco's success against the Basques. That this superiority of bombing aeroplanes should be used contrary to the accepted rules of war against the civil population in particular was to be expected.

The apparently complete command of the air in the Basque country held by General Franco has been a dominating feature of the Spanish war. Incessant daily attacks have been carried out by up-to-date German fighters and bombers on towns, villages, and roads with complete impunity. That there has been no effective resistance in the air considering that on the Madrid front the Government airmen seem to have held command of the air needs some explanation.

This is to be found in the inadequate petrol range of the Government aircraft on the other front. These machines had insufficient petrol capacity to reach Bilbao from the nearest base in Government hands unless the most favourable conditions of wind and weather prevailed. Under such conditions they could only reach Bilbao with a few minutes petrol in their tanks and so had to land immediately for refuelling. Franco's airmen could then bomb them on the ground with impunity.

This shortage of petrol also explains the landing in French territory at different times of a number of Government aircraft, which owing to bad weather could not reach Bilbao. Only in the last days of the attack on Bilbao was it found possible to fly Government machines there from the eastern front, and these used hurriedly prepared landing grounds in the mountains, and were refuelled from petrol lorries sent from Bilbao just before it fell.

Obviously an army with no defending aircraft is in an almost hopeless case when assailed by a force of modern bombing and fighting aircraft, particularly in hilly country where towns and villages occupy closely circumscribed areas and the only roads passable by transport and formed bodies of troops run along valleys and defiles. Such a situation is ideal for the best use of bombers, and on the Basque front ground defence against aircraft seems to have been practically non-existent.

A somewhat similar situation was largely responsible for the retreat of the Italians in front of Madrid. Mist on the hills prevented the insurgent aircraft from reaching the front so that the Government airmen had things all their own way.

Though General Franco commands the air in the north he does not do so on the Madrid front. The American designed Russian built Boeing monoplane fighters on the Government side are much faster than the Italian Fiat biplane fighters but the Fiats are much more manœuvrable. According to one observer, the Italian pilots have played a not inconspicuous part, their temperament making them particularly suitable as fighter pilots whereas the Germans have proved more successful as pilots of bombers.

They have refused to change their Fiat biplane fighters for monoplanes of more modern type because they find that the lightly loaded Fiat machines can outmanœuvre the faster Russian monoplanes. The Russian pilots have largely relied on a single attack and have then used their superior speed to break away. On occasions when they have joined battle with the Fiat machines in the "dog fight" type of combat they have usually been defeated by superior manœuvrability.

This matter of the manœuvrability of the modern high speed fighter will be of increasing importance in future air war. Speed and yet more speed has been sought in recent years and the speed of modern fighters has completely altered air combat. The indications are that power of manœuvre is still of the utmost importance and it may be that in future more attention will be paid to this feature in the design of fighters.

Both sides have used bombers of comparatively modern types. The indications have been that provided the bombers keep good formation for mutual protection they can ward off fighters and reach their objective. Few heavy bombs have been dropped. The majority have been about 250 lb. in weight with a few of 500 lb. Those dropped by General Franco's forces are of modern type with short delay action. Those which have fallen in streets have made a large crater but have done little damage because the blast has been directed upwards from the point of detonation below ground. The ground and lower floors of houses have been practically undamaged and only the upper windows of the houses have been shattered. On the other hand those which have fallen on roofs of buildings have penetrated one or two floors before exploding and have then blown out a wall or walls and caused great structural damage. Incendiary bombs have been extensively used in the campaign against the Basques, but though they have done damage, seem to have been less effective than expected.

With the exception of the advance on Bilbao neither side seems to have used its aircraft to the best strategic advantage. There has clearly been a reluctance to destroy Madrid and other cities. Raids on Madrid have been chiefly confined to military objectives and districts where Government forces were believed to be concentrated. Throughout aerodromes have been special targets for both sides with the result that recognised aerodromes are practically unusable and machines have had to use frequently changed landing grounds. When on the ground machines have to be parked far apart and as far as possible camouflaged to avoid their being spotted from the air.

The civil war has so far only served to add a little more fog to the bomb versus battleship controversy. The sinking of the battleship *España* was variously attributed to aircraft bombs, a mine, and gunfire from the shore.

The bombing of the *Deutschland* was a more positive demonstration of the power of the air bomb. But the ship was stationary and there is no evidence as to structural damage. The number of casualties to personnel can be accounted for by a bomb penetrating to the crowded mess deck as was first reported, or to a bomb exploding on the upper deck when the men were at stations as was later reported. Certainly the bomb was not large and almost certainly not one of the modern type specially designed for attacks on warships.

DEFYING FRANCO'S BOMBERS IN ESTREMADURA: A Government anti-aircraft gun in action

NAVAL INITIATIVE OFF SPAIN IN 1873

Historic Incidents With Interesting Modern Parallels

IN 1873, a republic was proclaimed at Madrid. Like the republic which had been proclaimed three years before in France, it was accepted as a political experiment which no one expected to endure. Don Carlos raised his banner on the slopes of the Pyrenees, rallying to him the ultra clerical and conservative forces of Spain. In various other parts of the country, notably in Andalusia and the East, a form of communism, known as cantonalism, rapidly gained ground. Whole provinces hoisted the red flag and declared themselves free and sovereign States, disposed at most to enter into some loose confederation. With the downfall of the Paris commune still echoing in its ears, Europe looked on contemptuously. The Powers were content to watch the Spaniards fight it out among themselves.

With two enemies on its hands, the Republican Government of Spain showed no want of resolution. While the Carlists were held behind the Ebro, the Communist cantons of the south were one by one subdued. But in the province of Murcia, the reds were in possession of Cartagena, the principal arsenal of Spain and a formidable fortress. Together with its stores and munitions, four or five of Spain's finest warships had fallen into their hands. Having apparently no confidence in the power of its own fleet to cope with the insurgents, the Madrid Government proclaimed the insurgent vessels pirates. This was to invite intervention.

It was not long in coming. Outside Cartagena cruised a German ironclad, a big one for its day, the *Friedrich Karl*, commanded by Captain Werner. So far the young German navy had no victories to its credit. Werner was indeed one of the very few German naval officers who had ever been under fire. No doubt he lusted for further distinction, and on seeing (July 24, 1874) a warship issue from the port of Cartagena flying a red flag, he promptly signalled her to stop.

Going aboard he was met by a courteous Spanish gentleman. This was Señor Galves, one of the revolutionary junta. "Are you the captain?" asked the Prussian. Though no sailor, Galves explained that he was effectively in command of the ship. This was the frigate *Vigilante* and the flag at the masthead was the flag of the free and sovereign canton of Murcia. "Your flag" said Werner, "is unknown to me. You are by your own confession incapable of commanding this ship. I shall seize you." And this, despite passionate protests, he did. The crew growled, but gave in.

The rejoinder of the Communist junta at Cartagena was a threat to seize all German shipping in the harbour and to imprison the German Consul. Werner was, however, given four days in which to communicate with Berlin. Upon orders from his Government he liberated the crew. The *Vigilante* he took to Gibraltar and left her there to be called for by the Madrid authorities. His action in seizing the ship was disapproved, though not too strongly, by his Government, possibly apprehensive of Communist reprisals. The French took alarm. Were the Prussians preparing to place on the Spanish throne the Hohenzollern prince whose candidature had been the cause of the Franco-German war, four years previously?

In the British Press it was asked whether a German naval commander was to be justified for "flying at a red flag wherever he saw one." Our Cabinet refused to associate itself with the maritime Powers in taking action against the Spanish insurgents. But as has often happened, our own seamen went further than our Government. If anyone was to police the seas, our Admiral Yelverton decided, it should be the British. Accordingly, when the two Communist warships, *Almansa* and *Vitoria* prepared to bombard Malaga, they found not only the *Friedrich Karl* but the British squadron barring their path. The episode of the *Vigilante* was re-enacted. Both ships were seized, this time by the British, and towed back into the harbour of Cartagena. Later on, in the teeth of the Communist batteries, they were taken out again by their captors to be handed over to the Republican admiral at Gibraltar.

Six months afterwards the Red stronghold fell to the arms of the Spanish Government, after a magnificent defence. The leaders were allowed to escape to Algeria, and as a tribute to their valour, the rank and file were amnestied. Meanwhile, the truculent Captain Werner was recalled. Public opinion had now veered round in his favour, and Bismarck, it is said, privately congratulated him on his assertion of the power of the infant German navy. The Government of Madrid, pleased to get its best ships back again without any effort on its own part, naturally raised no protest. The revolution was finally crushed. The question of intervention was left for discussion to a much later day.

Edmund B. d'Auvergne

MOTOR LAUNCH TARGETS FOR BRITAIN'S BOMBERS

A New System of Bombing Practice

Depicted by MONTAGUE DAWSON

Fast motor-launches of this type are specially built to provide bombing practice for R.A.F. machines. These craft are encased amidships with ½-in. armour plating, and when they are being bombed everything is tightly closed, so that no damage is done when a direct hit is recorded. They are 40 ft. long, have a speed of 23 knots, carry three men, and are equipped with wireless. This illustration, depicting a scene off the Isle of Wight, shows a launch being attacked by Hawker type airplanes which drop smoke bombs, the cloud of smoke that is emitted enabling observers to judge of the accuracy of their aim. A smoke bomb has just burst from a plane out of sight, whilst two other planes are coming up to attack

PALESTINE IN THE DAYS OF STRIFE: *Left*—British troops guarding a fort in the Nablus region where clashes with the Arabs took place last year. *Right*—A Jewish guard behind the barbed wire entanglements surrounding an agricultural settlement. The question of military and police control is dealt with in Chapter VII of the report

The Case for Palestine's Partition

The Report of the Palestine Royal Commission, unanimously recommending the partition of the Holy Land between a Jewish State, an Arab State which would include Transjordan, and a permanent mandatory enclave giving, "as a sacred trust of civilisation," free access from Jaffa to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee, was published last week, and naturally aroused intense interest in this country. This report, so sweeping in its recommendations, is clearly based on the conclusion that there is an irreconcilable conflict between Jewish and Arab aspirations, and, as such, is a masterly exposition of the situation. The following extracts from it are well worth the closest study, giving a further insight into a question that will inevitably remain in the forefront of the news for some time to come :—

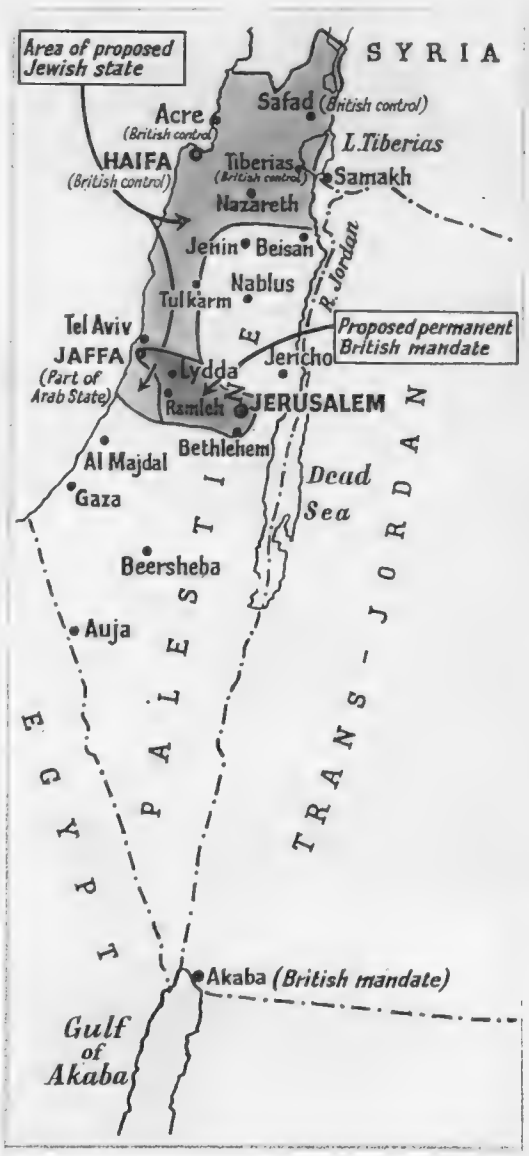
The Report of the Royal Commission and Its Sweeping Recommendations

The Need for Sacrifice.—"To both Arabs and Jews Partition offers a prospect—and we see no such prospect in any other policy—of obtaining the inestimable boon of peace," states the Royal Commission's report. "It is surely worth some sacrifice on both sides if the quarrel which the Mandate started could be ended with its termination. It is not a natural or old-standing feud. An able Arab exponent of the Arab case told us that the Arabs throughout their history have not only been free from anti-Jewish sentiment but have also shown that the spirit of compromise is deeply rooted in their life. And he went on to express his sympathy with the fate of the Jews in Europe. 'There is no decent-minded person,' he said, 'who would not want to do everything humanly possible to relieve the distress of those persons,' provided that it was 'not at the cost of inflicting a corresponding distress on another people.' Considering what the possibility of finding a refuge in Palestine means to many thousands of suffering Jews, we cannot believe that the 'distress' occasioned by Partition, great as it would be, is more than Arab generosity can bear. And in this, as in so much else connected with Palestine, it is not only the peoples of that country that have to be considered. The Jewish Problem is not the least of the many problems which are disturbing international relations at this critical time and obstructing the path to peace and prosperity. If the Arabs at some sacrifice could help to solve that problem, they would earn the gratitude not of the Jews alone but of all the Western World." . . .

The Question of Jaffa.—With regard to Jaffa the report states: "This is an essentially Arab town in which the Jewish minority has recently been dwindling. We suggest that it should form part of the Arab State. The question of its communication with the latter presents no difficulty, since transit through the Jaffa-Jerusalem Corridor would be open to all. The Corridor, on the other hand, requires its own access to the sea, and for this purpose a narrow belt of land should be acquired and cleared on the north and south sides of the town. This would also solve the problem, sometimes said to be insoluble, created by the contiguity of Jaffa with Tel Aviv to the north and the nascent Jewish town to the south. If necessary, Mandatory police could be stationed on this belt. This arrangement may seem artificial, but it is clearly practicable." . . .

How the Division Should be Made.—"The natural principle for the Partition of Palestine is to separate the areas in which the Jews have acquired land and settled from those which are wholly or mainly occupied by Arabs. As shown in Map No. 4 at the end of this Report, the Jewish lands and colonies are mostly to be found in the Maritime Plain between Al Majdal and Mount Carmel, in the neighbourhood of Haifa, in the Plain of Esdraelon and the Valley of Jezreel, and in the east of Galilee, i.e., south of Tiberias, on the shores of the Lake, near Safad, and in the Huleh Basin. The rest of Galilee and the northern part of the plain of Acre are almost wholly in Arab occupation. So also is the central hill-country of old Samaria and Judæa—except for Jerusalem and its vicinity. The towns of Nablus, Jenin and Tulkarm, the last an outpost on the edge of the Maritime Plain, are centres of Arab nationalism. Except in and near Jerusalem and at Hebron, there are practically no Jews between Jenin and Beersheba. This Arab block extends eastwards to the River Jordan between the Dead Sea and Beisan. In the area stretching south and south-east of Beersheba to the Egyptian frontier, the Jews have bought some isolated blocks of land, but the population is entirely Arab.

"This existing separation of the area of Jewish land and settlement from that of wholly or mainly Arab occupation seems to us to offer a fair and practicable basis for Partition, provided that, in accordance with the spirit of our obligations, (1) a reasonable allowance is made within the boundaries of the Jewish State for the growth of population and colonization, and (2) reasonable compensation is given to the Arab State for the loss of land and revenue. This last is one of the reasons we give in paragraph twenty-three below for suggesting the payment of a subvention by the Jewish State to the Arab State in the event of Partition coming into force."



AFTER THE PARTITION: A sketch map showing how Palestine may be divided into three separate portions, comprising an Arab State, a Jewish State, and an area, including the Holy Places, and seaport under permanent British mandate

Maintaining Sanctity of the Holy Places.—"The partition of Palestine is subject to the overriding necessity of keeping the sanctity of Jerusalem and Bethlehem inviolate and of ensuring free and safe access to them for all the world. That, in the fullest sense of the mandatory phrase, is 'a sacred trust of civilization'—a trust on behalf not merely of the peoples of Palestine but of multitudes in other lands to whom those places, one or both, are Holy Places."

Apathy on the Local Councils.—"The limitation of power and responsibility largely accounts, we think, for the lack of interest shown by the towns people in most of the Municipal Councils. An indication of this may be found in the statistics of voting at municipal elections. The proportion of actual voters to those qualified to vote, at the time of the last elections, was discouraging in the three large 'mixed' towns, Jerusalem having the highest proportion with only a little over a 50 per cent. poll. Unopposed elections were common, amounting in Haifa to seven out of ten wards. In the smaller and purely Arab Municipalities, a fairly high proportion of those qualified did in fact exercise their votes; but there are certain indications which go to show that this can be attributed rather to personal rivalry for office, common in small communities, than to a genuine political interest. Another indication of the way in which the Municipal Councils have failed to grip the public mind is that in none of them (always with the exception of Tel Aviv) has a proper party system developed . . . of a genuine rivalry of political parties, presenting alternative municipal programmes to the electorate, there is no trace."

Palestine Under Turkish Rule.—"Turkish government in Palestine before the great war was in effect a despotism, modified to some extent by the delegation of authority to the leading families in Syria who held estates in Palestine. The head of the Administration was the *Vali* in Beirut, Jerusalem being an independent *Sanjaq* (county). The *Sanjaq* of Jerusalem stretched from the Egyptian frontier to just north of Jaffa: the remainder of what is now Palestine was included in the *Vilayet* of Beirut—in the *Sanjaqs* of Beirut, Acre, and Balqa (Nablus). Jerusalem was in direct touch with Constantinople. The executive officers in all the higher grades formed a distinctive Turkish bureaucracy. Turkish was the official language."

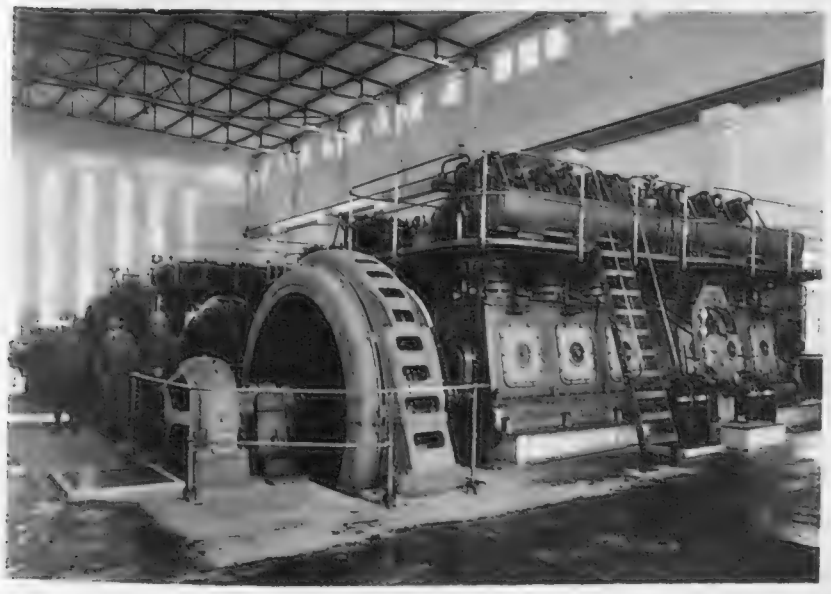
The Government statement of policy accompanying the report concludes with its belief that "fear and suspicion would be replaced by the sense of confidence and security and both peoples would obtain 'the inestimable boon of peace.'"

Jewish and Arab Enterprise in the Holy Land

JAFFA'S NEW £30,000 CINEMA: This modern building, contrasting strikingly with the older architecture of the city, has been built by an Arab company with the help of funds from Cairo. The new Alhambra enables the Jaffa Arab to attend a first-class cinema without going into Tel Aviv

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF ARAB ENTERPRISE: New apartment houses on the Jaffa road which, as far as the building industry is concerned, bear out the statement in the Royal Commission on Palestine's report that "the development of Arab industry, though not comparable, of course, with that of Jewish industry, has made progress. These house-building operations are, of course, small in comparison with the intensive operations in Tel Aviv. The number of Arab industrial undertakings, which was about 1,200 before the war, has risen to about 2,200. Among relatively large-scale industries are soap, flour-milling, bricks and tiles, cigarettes and tobacco, cotton, wool, and silk weaving, salt-quarrying, stone and lime, bedsteads, nails, wearing apparel, confectionery, and alcoholic liquor. No official statistics are available as to the amount of capital invested in this industrial field as a whole, but it has certainly increased in the course of the last few years, as has the amount of Arab bank deposits'

GO AHEAD TEL AVIV: Looking down Allenby Road, the main thoroughfare in this all-Jewish city which in the short space of thirty years has grown from an insignificant village among the sand dunes to a thriving metropolis of 140,000 people with fine shops, theatres, cinemas, private residences, and a number of highly flourishing secondary industries. It is also bidding fair to become a port of some standing, a new cargo pier having been constructed



A corner of a large new power station in the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv where such intensive progress is now being made

MODERNITY and ANTIQUITY

Arab glassworkers of Hebron engaged in their ancient craft which still continues to flourish

THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF TH

Sights and Scenes in Palestine Where Momento

ARAB NATIONALISM FINDS AN OUTLET: A firework display staged by the Muslims in the old quarter of Jerusalem in honour of the Prophet's birthday which this year was celebrated with more than usual fervour

STRONGHOLD OF ZIONISM: The Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, Jerusalem, wh many of them coming from foreign countries. In the foreground are the main buildi and an open air theatre, while on the other side of the road is the magnificent new

On left—INDIGENE AND IMMIGRANT: A veteran Jew who has long been established in the Holy Land and a young settler pictured together on the breakwater at Tel Aviv, Palestine's fast growing, all-Jewish city

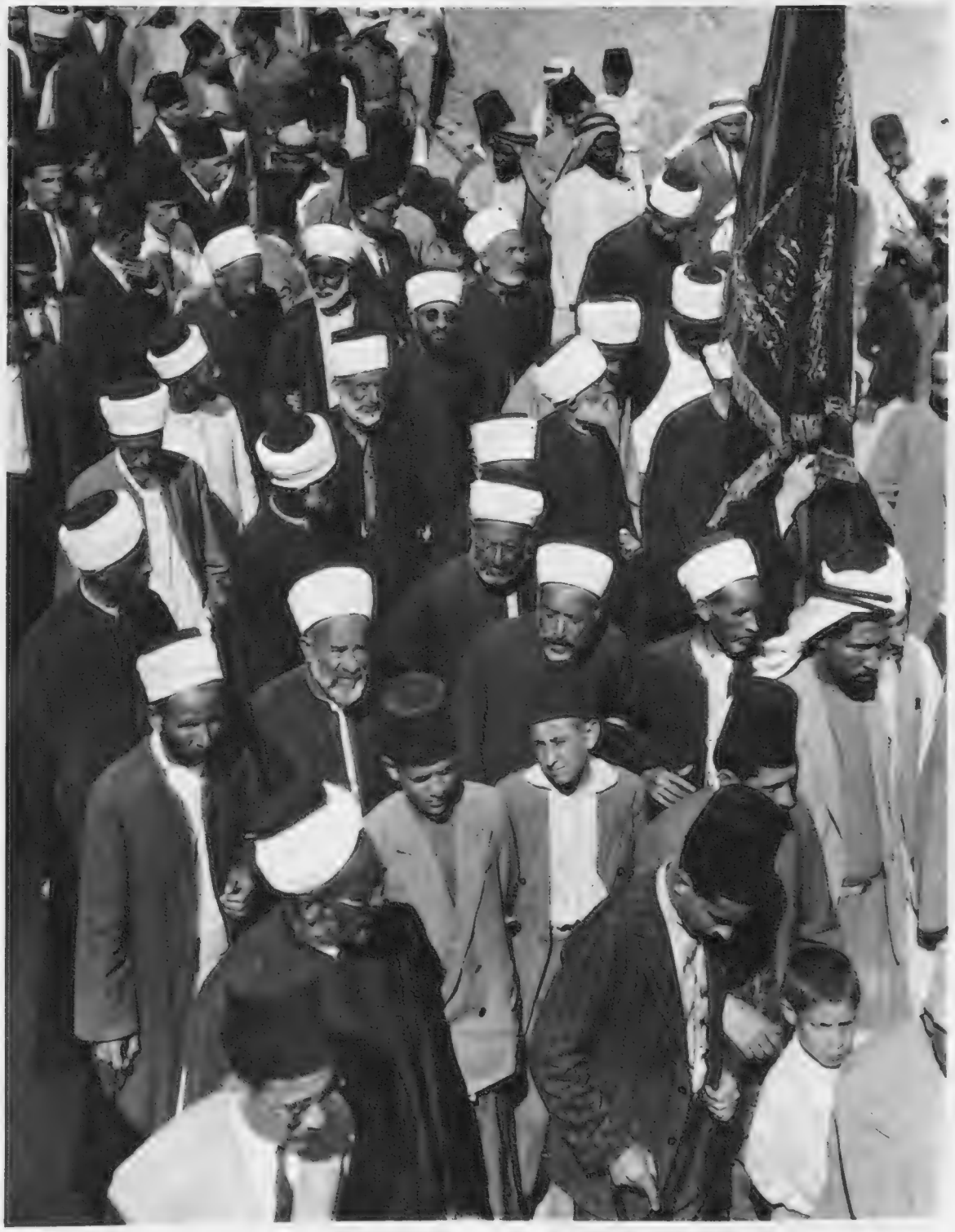
HE HOLY LAND

ns Changes are Imminent

which has over 100 teachers and some 450 students, dings housing the executive, class-rooms, laboratories, ew library which at present has about 300,000 volumes

COSMOPOLITAN JERUSALEM · A hoarding in the old quarter of the city with notices in English, Hebrew, and Arabic. On the left is an announcement of a coming production of *Rigoletto*

ARCHITECTURAL CONTRAST: The famed citadel of Zion, often mistakenly called the Tower of David, with a modern block of shops in the foreground, evidence of recent building development in Jerusalem. The citadel stands by the Jaffa Gate and is a typical example of a fortress of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries



PROCESSIONAL: Muslim priests and their following taking part in a religious celebration in the streets of the Holy City. If the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Palestine are adopted Jerusalem will not be included in either the new Arab or the new Jewish States, being placed with Bethlehem and Nazareth under a permanent British Mandate. The sacred places would thus be accessible to all, and much strife might thereby be avoided

DRAMA AND FILMS of the Week

A Finnish Comedy at the Queen's: Fun at the Strand: And a Thrill at the Globe

By PHILIP PAGE

IAN HAY'S SUCCESSFUL "HOUSEMASTER" CONTINUES ITS RUN AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE: The popularity of this amusing comedy of school life remains unabated. Mr. Frederick Leister's performance of Mr. Donkin, the Housemaster, is as convincing as ever. He is here seen with his two nieces Rosemary Faringdon, now acted by Miss Lesley Burton (left foreground) and Chris Faringdon (Miss Elizabeth Nolan), who are endeavouring to persuade Mr. Donkin (seated at his desk) that he should marry

LONDON knows music from Finland, but not drama. There was, therefore, a novel touch about *Women of Property*, produced at the Queen's Theatre, in that it is from the Finnish of Hella Wuolijoki.

That is all that there is novel about it, nor does any portion of this sound but rather familiar drama seem to us as odd as the name of the authoress. Village life is probably much the same in any part of Europe, and if one were to devise a play about the big house in the parish and the land that goes with it and all that goes with that, it would be likely to follow an identical route, whether one cast it in Finland, Yugoslavia, or Essex. That is not to say that *Women of Property* is a dull play or even a disappointing one, except for those who expected more in the way of local colour than sleigh bells and a villager with a (presumably) Finnish accordion. It is well constructed, has a good central theme, and makes occasional dashes at a hectic Nordic gaiety.

This gaiety I can vouch for; I know from experience that hospitality among those northern latitudes is as strong as it is warm, and that "something to keep the cold out" is something that it is difficult for the stranger to keep out, supposing, which is not likely, the stranger to be in a mood to wish to do so.

After the spirituous "whoopee" of Act 1 had died down we realised that the chief family in the village was ruled by a handsome old female despot who suffered from rheumatism and from what might be topically called a Queen Victoria complex. Miss Mary Morris played the part perfectly. Miss Morris, who comes from America, is obviously so good an actress that I trust that she will show us in due course that she can play some other type of part perfectly; she is far too interesting a figure to go on playing sexagenarian matriarchs, dignified in their suffering, *in aeternam*. This one suffered because her son, who was lord of the manor, fell in love with the village schoolmistress; instead of exercising a sort of *droit de seigneur* and leaving it at that, he bolted with her, forfeited his possessions, and told his friends and relations, and his wife too, that for aught he cared they might all go to Helsingfors. So those who think that the frozen north has any emotional application do not know what they are talking about, if we are to believe Miss Wuolijoki.

Mr. Griffith Jones began by making the young man a little too vocally amorous. For some time I thought that the play had suddenly gone musical on me and that here was another of the Jones clan—Mr. Parry Jones or Mr. Trefor Jones. But Mr. Jones (Griffith) settled down after a bit and made a realistically head-strong lover to Miss Nancy Hornsby's village schoolmistress, who was charming, but seemed to me altogether too English a figure. But then my qualification for assessing precisely the essentials of a Finnish schoolmistress does not amount to much. Miss Doris Fordred made a very human person of the stupid, unattractive wife.

That rare actor, Mr. Harry Hutchinson, was not allowed to do more than tantalise us for a few moments as a Finnish country parson speaking the rich music of County Clare. And for that incongruity the blessèd saints be praised! Lovers of *Juno and the Paycock* and other plays of this *genre* will recall Mr. Hutchinson simply because it is impossible not to recall him. A few weeks ago I saw an odd play at the Gate Theatre, of which I forget the title and much else. But I remember Mr. Hutchinson, as the faithful family gamekeeper, who for eerie but excellent reasons had deliberately shot the son of the house—just as I remember Irving in *The Bells*, a magic moment of Lucien Guitry's *Pasteur*, and . . . well, such memories are all too few.

PARNELL FIGURES ON THE FILM: The famous Irish leader appears in a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture at the Empire Theatre this week. Clark Gable who takes the name-part co-stars with Myrna Loy as Mrs. O'Shea. This film Parnell appears without beard or pronounced whiskers

"A Spot of Bother."—The egg-like crania of Messrs. Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare bobbing about in *A Spot of Bother* at the Strand Theatre suggested the need for a certain well-advertised medicament for which it is claimed that it "touches the spot." Had the He-Ancient been borrowed from Mr. Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, we would indeed have had Three Musketeers of Baldness, though he could neither have helped nor hindered the youthful efforts of Mr. Drayton and Mr. Hare.

"First catch your Hare" seems to be the main part of the recipe for cooking a Strand farce. In this case he has been served up with rather different sauce, for instead of being a timid respectable little man overwhelmed by undeserved misfortune, he is a bit of a dog on his own account. But he is very funny. Mr. Drayton, who is one of the best character actors we have (which just means that he is a very good actor), I prefer to see as a bullying vulgarian, probably just because I have enjoyed so many plays in which his pleasant unpleasantness has been to the fore. Here he, like Mr. Hare, is hunting a different country.

Fortunately the fun never suffers, since this preposterous twaddle has more gumption in it than may be apparent—it is, that is to say, a highly-skilled example of the nonsense which, without skill, could not be and would not be tolerated. The author, as Mr. Pickwick wrote in his letter to Mrs. Bardell, has not forgotten the warming-pan, which plays an important part, even as a weapon. Smuggling and a country-inn, built, it seems, on the lines of the maze at Hampton Court are concerned in the unintelligible plot of this most diverting play. And there is Miss Jeanne Stuart there to add adornment but little else, for farce is he-man stuff.

ROMAN LEGIONS IN REGENT'S PARK: a veritable Roman camp for the generals, centurions and legionaries occasion to be the Plains of Philippi. here seen with Octavius Caesar are wearing the magnificent uniform

"They Came by Night."—Mr. Barré Lyndon showed in the still amazing *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* that he can write a "thriller" that is slightly different. Such is *They Came by Night*, which has the stamp of success on it so unmistakably that they should be coming by night to the Globe Theatre—to say nothing of matinees—until the nights grow considerably longer and possibly, even, until they grow shorter again.

I am not going to reveal the secrets of the plot of this play because I think to do so would spoil the enjoyment of readers who have not yet seen it. The people who came by night were, of course, crooks who planted stolen goods on Mr. Owen Nares, an honest jeweller but a rotten business-man. Having found that they had done this and having nothing whatever to fear from being straightforward, he should at once have gone to the police. Had he done so there would have been no play. So Mr. Nares, in the course of one of the longest parts he has ever had to learn, imagines he is in the power of the villains and very cleverly does he squirm.

One of these villains is Mr. David Burns (recently a comic gangster in a Hippodrome revue) and one of the things Mr. Burns, who is among the most valued actors America has sent us, cannot do, is to make us recoil from crime as something dreadful. By being the sort of person he is he came within an ace of upsetting the whole balance of the play. As it was, he ran a good second to Mr. Nares in the way of charm. Mr. Henry Caine made a detective something other than conventional.

Miss Ursula Jeans seemed to be there merely because there's a sort of tradition that every play should have a pretty woman in it. Why Miss Jeans, who is clever as well as

The Open Air Theatre has for the past fortnight been performance of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Roman have tramped across the greensward, presumed for the . Surrounded by soldiery, Marc Antony (Ion Swinley) is (Peter Murray Hill) discussing a plan of action. They prepared by London Film Productions for *I, Claudius*

pretty, was not given something to do is as incomprehensible to me as much of the plot.

Russian Ballet.—Although the Russian Ballet audiences—and what mighty audiences they are—at Covent Garden would probably jib at being described as conservative it is incontestable that they thrive on old favourites in the way of ballet. Some of these favourites are very old indeed, e.g., *Scheherazade*, though they are none the worse for that, particularly since in this case M. Fokine himself, famous in pre-war days, has returned to the company to inspect and to revise where necessary some of his early triumphs.

Scheherazade wears well in that it does not wear at all. The performances have been good. Two points, I think, call for criticism. One is that when the chief negro slave is slain he indulges in such dexterous feats of squirming in his death agony—standing on his head and so forth—that the audience titters. As a display of muscular virtuosity this super-squirming is doubtless praiseworthy, but if it draws laughs, as it does, in a serious story, it is manifestly wrong.

Another suggestion I have to make is that the favourite wife, Scheherazade herself, should surely dance. Madame Tchernicheva looked very lovely and very regal; but I grew weary of that ceaseless back-tending and voluptuous stretching, and I wanted to shout, with the late John Hollinshead, "Up on yer tootsies!" Russian dancers should dance, even if it be blasphemous to suggest it.

On right—ROMANS IN REVIEW: This and the above picture were specially taken for "The Sphere" by courtesy of Mr. Robert Atkins who has so admirably produced the play. The group of generals includes, on left, Marcus Brutus (Eric Portman) and on right Cassius (Laidman Browne)

"The Wisest Fool in Christendom"

James I of England and VI of Scotland Figures on the Stage

THE presentation of King James I now to be seen in the play, *The King's Pirate*, at the St. Martin's Theatre, is extremely vivid and forceful in its portrayal of the "wisest fool in Christendom." The play deals with the last disastrous journey of Sir Walter Raleigh to Guiana, but King James is the outstanding personality, dominating the stage, on which Raleigh seems somewhat a shadowy figure. The King is shown as a weak and foolish man, led by favourites, slovenly in dress, timorous, and repulsive in personal habits. The dramatist can quote some authority for this, the chief being Sir Anthony Weldon's pungent pen portrait in his *Secret History of the Court of James I*, which was also the source of Sir Walter Scott's picture of the King in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Macaulay sums up the unfortunate monarch in scathing words, "Nature and education had done their best to produce a finished specimen of all that a king ought not to be," and goes on to enumerate, "His awkward figure, his rolling eye, his rickety walk, his nervous tremblings, his slobbering mouth, his broad Scotch accent." A truly repellent picture which one is inclined to think must be exaggerated, all of them tracing their origin to Weldon's remorseless words.

JAMES I: A fine study of the monarch by a German artist. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery

AS DANIEL MYTENS SAW HIM: Another famous painting of James I, son of Lord Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots

To understand James one must remember his early history. He never knew either father or mother, nor did he experience the pleasant companionship of brothers and sisters, or indeed of any near relations. His father, Lord Darnley, met his untimely end at the tragedy of Kirk o' Field, and his mother, the lovely Mary Queen of Scots, was parted from him when he was barely a year old, never to meet again. Brought up under the severe guardianship of George Buchanan, a distinguished scholar of European reputation, he was taught considerable knowledge in the form of pedantry rather than humanity. It is sad to think of the small lad under the strict rule of the man who had written the bitterest diatribe against his royal mother—the *Detectio Mariæ Reginæ*—fulminating with all the ferocious bitterness of the age, and imputing the foulest of crimes against the royal mistress with whom he had read Livy and who had shown him royal bounty. When the young King was guilty of quarrelling with a fellow pupil about a little bird, Buchanan gave the boy a box on the ear, with the pleasant reminder that "he himself was a true bird of the bloody nest to which he belonged."

No wonder James was attracted by handsome young men, with a gay freshness about them after his elderly and implacable tutor. Constantly the catspaw of rebellious Scottish nobles, anxious to seize the person of the King, and hold him in captivity (as was done by the Ruthvens) James passed an anxious and alarming youth, till he was old enough to reign alone, and attempt the difficult task of curbing turbulent nobles, and arrogant Presbyterian ministers.

The principal portraits of James I which are known, show him as a small boy with a pleasing but rather melancholy face; as a man about thirty-five or forty; and in later life when King of England. None of these portraits gives anything as offensive as Weldon's written description, though the one in the National Gallery, by Daniel Mytens is obviously truthful and candid, presenting a feeble and weak-looking man. That by Van Somes in Hampton Court Palace presents a more courtly figure, though the features are similar, there is a certain dignity and a slight resemblance to his son, Charles the First. There is another less known portrait in the National Gallery, among the miniatures, by an unknown German, which might have been painted when James was in Denmark on a visit to fetch home his bride, Anne of Denmark. There he is seen with a very tall hat, wearing a dark rich dress and the ruff of the period. He has a small pointed beard and moustache and his face shows considerably more strength than in those of the later portraits.

It seems scarcely credible that a man whose parents were renowned for their personal beauty, should have had such a totally loathsome exterior as is the general belief. Moreover James had three children all distinguished for their physical charm. His eldest son, Prince Henry, was a handsome youth of great vigour and ability, whose early death was much lamented, and his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, who became the White Queen of Bohemia, was the theme of poets' songs, and the proto-type of Shakespeare's Miranda. Van Dyck has given us many portraits which illustrate the stately charm of Charles I.

As for favourites, they were undoubtedly a scandal, largely on account of the patronage which passed through their hands. Queen Elizabeth also had had favourites, but she had not allowed them to rule her; on the contrary, she had dominated them to such an extent that, if they dared to think of private marriage and a consequent loosening of their devotion to Gloriana, they were popped into the Tower. James, in unkingly fashion, permitted familiarity (though convinced of the divine authority of kings), and smiled upon the marriage projects of his favourites. Dark stories have been hinted about the king, but contemporaries, while commenting on the scandalous behaviour at court, spoke of the purity of the king's life. It is true that the bishops who are his kindliest commentators, were also most indebted to him for his support. It may be admitted there is some colour for the suspicion, which is however by no means proved, the chief advocate for his father's character being Prince Charles, who made "Steenie" his great friend. This would have been an impossibility to a man of Charles's high moral character in private life, had the scandal been true.

It is also well to remember while looking at the grotesque figure, so cruelly but cleverly portrayed on the stage by Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, that King James was not merely a foolish old man, fondling "Steenie" and telling bawdy stories to his courtiers. He is responsible for some good State management, particularly in Scotland where he was interested in the introduction of new manufactures, such as glass, soap and leather. For England, too, he did much. Although he was apt to press his "buzzing assiduity," as Professor Hume Brown describes it, into too many concerns, "it is but simple truth" so the same writer continues "to say that in no previous reign was so notable an advance made along every line of national prosperity."

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM: Cornelius Jansen van Cuelen's portrait of one of the great courtiers of James' reign

B. H.

TINTORETTO in VENICE

Unknown Pictures Brought to Light

THE PRESENTATION OF MARY IN THE TEMPLE: An early work of the master painted between 1551 and 1556. This striking composition was ordered as a decoration to the doorway of the organ in the church of the Madonna dell'Orto

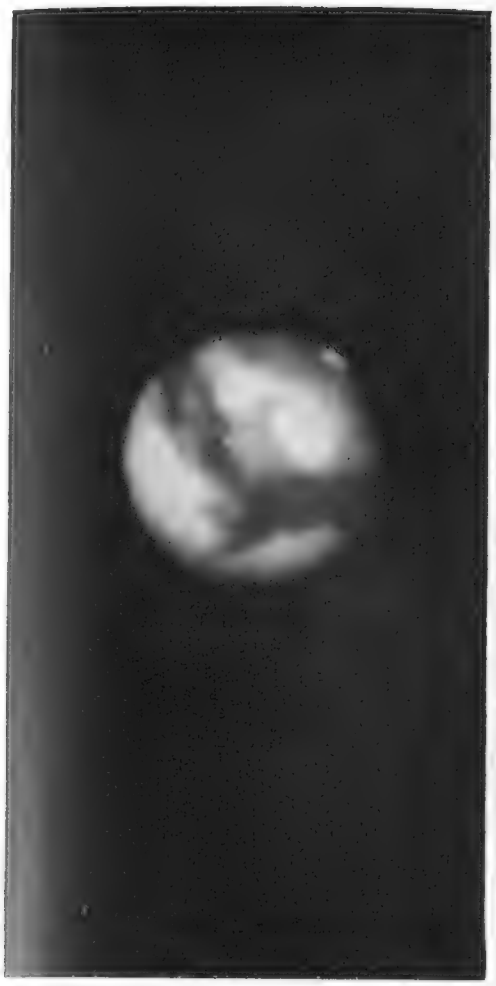
TWO years ago Venice celebrated Titian with an admirable exhibition. This year the same honour is being accorded to Titian's rival, Tintoretto (1518–1594). Some seventy masterpieces have been brought from their forty various homes to beautiful Ca Pesaro, on the Grand Canal. A hundred genuine Tintorettos could have been gathered together without difficulty, but only the very best works of the master about which the authenticity was not in doubt have been included. The twenty-two paintings coming from Venetian churches would have been sufficient to form an exhibition of exceptional interest, mainly for the reason that many of these works in the various little churches have been ill-lit in dark corners or, from their position at the altar, were so placed that many of them have never been capable of proper inspection. Of some of these paintings no photographs have existed until now.

HEAD OF ONE OF THE APOSTLES FROM A VENETIAN CHURCH: This detail is from a Tintoretto painting lent by the Church of San Trovaso

One may say, without hesitation, that only real masterpieces by Tintoretto are shown in this exhibition. The period extends from "The Last Supper" of San Marcuela, painted by the twenty-nine-year-old Tintoretto in 1547, until the other famous "Last Supper" in San Giorgo Maggiore, painted in 1594, the year of his death.

Francis C. Fuerst

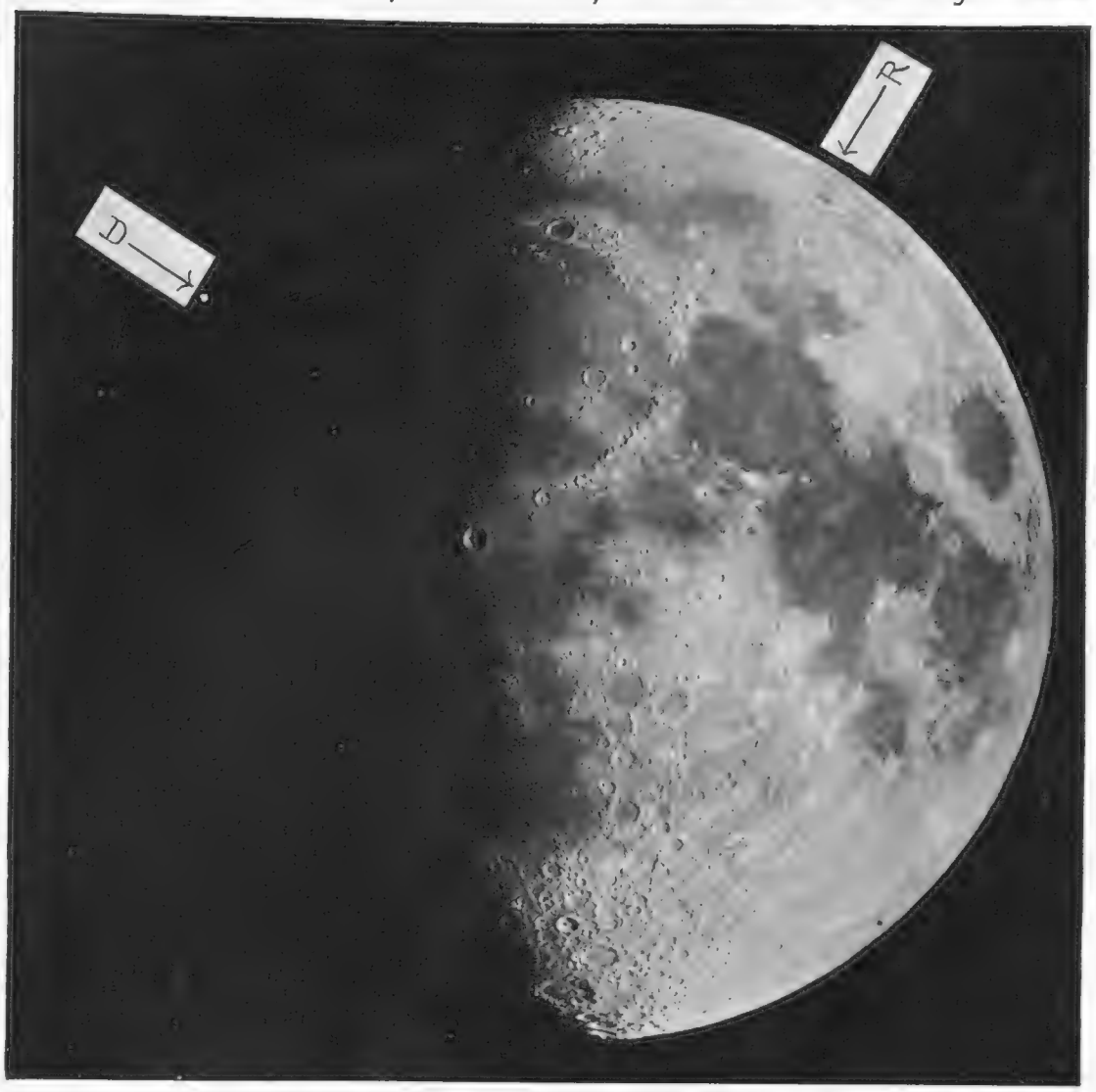
FROM ONE OF THE SMALLER CHURCHES: This is another example of the works gathered together from the churches of Venice. Several of these Tintoretto pictures have probably never before been photographed



MYSTERIOUS MARS: This picture, taken at Mount Wilson Observatory, California, shows the dusky markings and the white polar cap that are such pronounced features of this planet which to-day, July 17, is the subject of especial interest in view of its "occultation," the moon, in its monthly circuit of the skies, completely blotting out Mars from the sight of observers in Britain. The phenomenon may be witnessed without any optical aid, though binoculars or a small telescope may be used with great advantage

The MOON BLOTS OUT the SUN and MARS

The Recent Total Solar Eclipse and To-day's Occultation of the Bright Planet

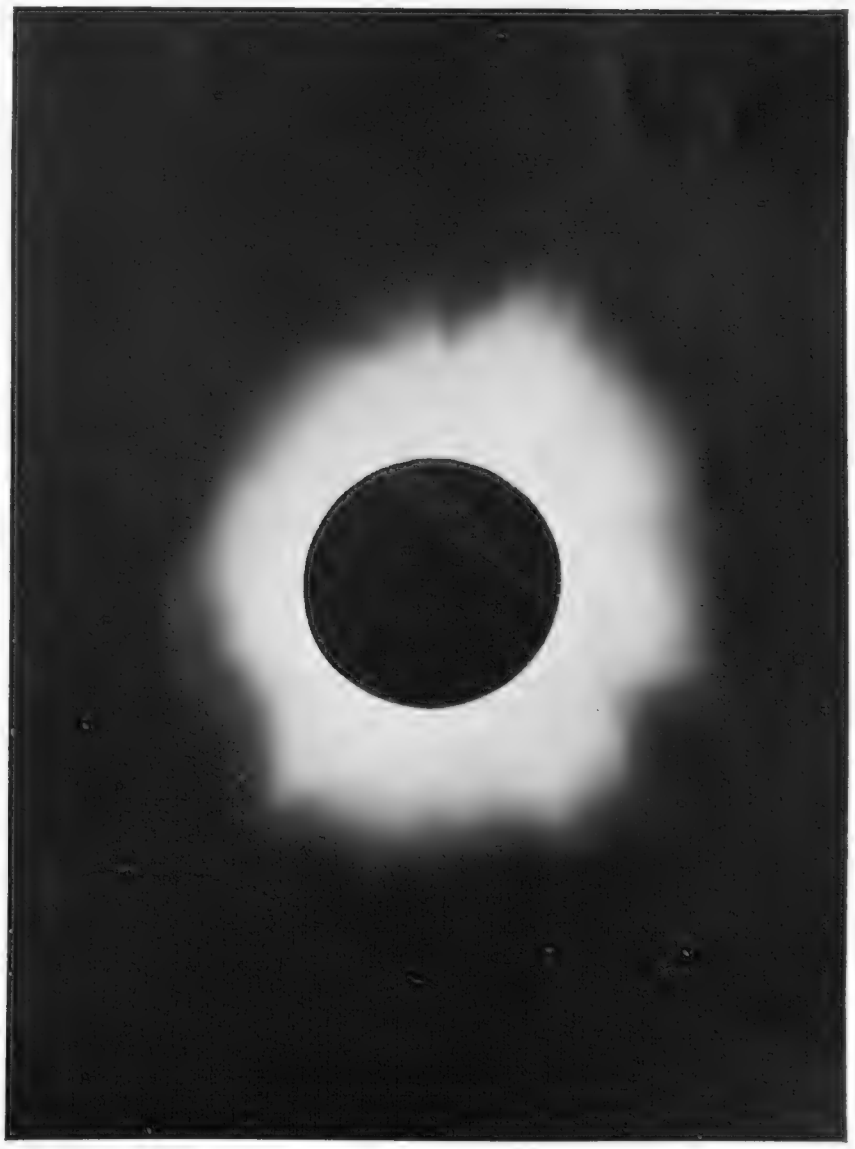


SHROUDING A PLANET: The moon as it will look to-day when it passes in front of Mars which will disappear at the point marked D and reappear at R after having been occulted for just under an hour between 10.13 p.m. and 11.10 p.m. Summer Time

Watching for Solar Totality on a Mid-Pacific Atoll

THE American expedition organised jointly by the United States Naval Observatory and the National Geographic Society, which recently established a base on Canton Island in the South Pacific to observe the total eclipse of the sun, was rewarded by a perfect view of the phenomenon. The longest period of totality—7 mins. 4 secs., the longest totality for 1,200 years—occurred in a narrow area some hundreds of miles north-east of Phoenix Islands. On Canton Island totality lasted 3 mins. 33 secs. The total phase of the eclipse began on Canton Island at 7.39 a.m. local time. Heavy clouds earlier in the morning had threatened to obscure the view of the sun, and Dr. S. A. Mitchell, of the University of Virginia, leader of the expedition, expressed fears at the time that their preparations might prove fruitless. The clouds began to clear, however, and soon after sunrise a rainbow gave promise of fair weather. As the moon's disk moved across the sun, Bailey's Beads were clearly seen. When the sun was completely covered a magnificent corona appeared and tongues of red flame could be seen with the naked eye. The stars are reported to have been unusually bright, the planet Venus being particularly prominent. A few minutes after totality ended a cloud drifted across the sun and members of the expedition were delighted at the good fortune which delayed its arrival

CANTON ISLAND'S TENT CITY: The spot in the South Pacific from which members of the expedition organised by the United States Naval Observatory and the National Geographic Society witnessed the recent total eclipse of the sun, obtaining a great deal of valuable data. *On right*—A remarkable picture taken by the expedition during totality and showing very clearly the mysterious corona whose gaseous constitution is the subject of much research



LIBERAL NATIONAL G.H.Q.: Members of Sir Rowland Evans' staff at the party's offices in Old Queen St. The organisation there is becoming increasingly elaborate and it is clearly planning big things for the next election

What of the LIBERAL NATIONALS?

Their Place in Politics and Their Efforts at Organisation

BY CHARLES GRAVES

THE genius for compromise of the British has never been more apparent than in the continued success of the Liberal National Party. Its importance has been proved beyond all doubt by the Government successes in the miniature general election which has been going on. Indeed, the Liberal National success at St. Ives in a straight contest against the Samuelite Liberals is the undoubted death knell of the latter Party. But what are the Liberal Nationals and what do they stand for?

Perhaps it is best to tell the story from the beginning. When the Socialist Government was in power, but with a minority vote, between 1929 and 1931, they were dependent on the Liberals. A few of the latter—Sir John Simon, Sir Robert Hutchison (the Chief Whip), and Mr. Ernest Brown—soon became so disgusted with the blind support that Lloyd George and Sir Herbert Samuel were giving Ramsay MacDonald that they decided to refuse the Liberal Whip in the House of Commons. In other words, they showed that they were not prepared to vote as called on, and they registered their protest against the policy of the Liberal Parliamentary thus; though they did not leave the Party. Sir John in particular had correctly surmised the coming economic crisis, and made speeches as early as in 1930 warning the country in general about the dangers ahead. As for Sir Robert Hutchison, he was compelled to resign from the post of Chief Whip because he could scarcely give orders which he refused to obey himself. At that time there were fifty-nine Liberals in the House of Commons, with 260 Conservatives and 288 Socialists. In the crisis of 1931 the division of opinion between the supporters of Sir John Simon and the rest was completely justified, and in August 1931 the National Government was formed.

Mr. Lloyd George was laid up with his operation and therefore could not be included in the Cabinet as he was on his back in Addison Road. Sir Herbert Samuel, the acting Leader of the Party, went into the Cabinet, with Mr. Baldwin, Mr. MacDonald and Lord Reading. In addition, Lord Crewe, the late Sir Donald McLean, Mr. Isaac Foot, and Sir Archibald Sinclair held ministerial posts. The House, you will remember, did not sit until September; and within two months there was a general election. Whereupon a great deal of discussion went on in the Liberal Party. Were they to continue to support the National Government? It looked as though even Lloyd George's supporters ought to do so in view of the fact that Major Lloyd George was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

At this election Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wanted a "doctor's mandate"—in other words, to be allowed to get on with the job. The Liberals were at once split into two camps. One section agreed to give a free hand, the others said that they could not go so far as that, particularly on the question of tariffs. For one must remember that the Liberals decided that, as far as they were concerned, Government on party lines would begin again as soon as the crisis was over. Those who agreed to give the Government a free hand were headed by Sir John Simon, Mr. Hore-Belisha, Sir Robert Hutchison, and Mr. Ernest Brown. And because they took a wider view of the situation they called themselves the Liberal National Group and proclaimed that they would give unqualified support to the Prime Minister as head of the National Government. What is more, they formed an organisation to run their candidates and themselves. Altogether forty candidates stood for Parliament, and thirty-two were successful in that momentous election of 1931. Immediately afterwards the organisation was disbanded, for it had only been called into being for the election. The other Liberals (except Mr. Lloyd George and a few of his supporters) stood as qualified supporters of the Government, but out of 200 candidates only thirty-two were successful. This was despite the fact that in many constituencies Conservatives withdrew in their favour, and in their principal contest—that of Sir Herbert Samuel himself at Darwen—the latter received a recommendation from Mr. Baldwin despite the fact that an Independent Conservative stood against him. Thanks to Mr. Baldwin's recommendations Sir Herbert was returned.

The Government was then reconstructed, and Sir John Simon, who was not in the first government because his refusal to take the Whip had put him outside the official Parliamentary Party, was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir Herbert Samuel continued to be Home Secretary; Sir Donald McLean remained at the Board of Education; Mr. Walter Runciman was appointed to the Board of Trade; Sir Archibald Sinclair remained Secretary of State for Scotland; and Mr. Isaac Foot continued as Minister of Mines. Mr. Hore-Belisha became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare was the first Liberal National Chief Whip. Thus with the exception of Mr. Lloyd George and his son, all the heads of the Liberal Party were in ministerial jobs.

Then came the Government measures which included the drastic treatment of imports. The Liberals, however, despite their free trade bias, decided to vote in favour of them, pending the Import Duty Bill in March 1932. This Bill gave Sir Herbert Samuel and his friends many qualms. They decided that the Government was going too far, and a miniature Cabinet crisis resulted in the famous "agreement to differ." This anomaly meant that Sir Herbert Samuel and his lieutenants stayed on the Treasury Bench with freedom to oppose this Bill—and did so. Despite opposition, however, they actually abstained from voting. The Liberal National Party, however, supported the Bill.

The final split between Sir Herbert Samuel and the Government occurred after the Ottawa Conference in 1932. He and those of his gang who "differed" withdrew because they objected to an Empire economic policy involving the higher duties on a limited number of goods from foreign countries which had been put on to help the Empire. Yet they still sat on the Government side of the House of Commons until the late spring of 1933. Finally, they solemnly crossed the floor. This gesture was made after a conference of the party machine. "Sir Herbert Samuel's withdrawal reminds me of a cat with its head in the cream jug, which has been pulled out by the tail" was Mr. Lloyd George's ungracious comment after Sir Herbert and his followers had finally crossed the floor of the House.

As the old Liberal Party machine was now organising opposition to the Government, the members of the Liberal National Party, who were still in the majority in the House of Commons, formed their own political organisation on January 1, 1933. Until then they had been technically only a group. The object was to organise Liberals throughout the country in support of the Government. That, then, was the start of the present Liberal National Party. The offices are in Old Queen Street and Lord Hutchison, formerly Sir Robert Hutchison, is the chairman. There the preliminary work was begun, and just before the General Election in 1935, Sir Rowland Evans was appointed General Secretary of the Liberal National Organisation. Promptly the country was divided into ten areas, each area having its own organisation and Central Office area agents (there are now twelve of them, by the way).

Meantime, in Scotland the Liberal supporters of the Government broke away from the old Scottish Liberal Federation and formed a Scottish Liberal National Association. The next step was the Liberal National Convention in May of 1936; 700 representatives attended and the Liberal National Council was formed.

The three objects of the party were, frankly, too vague to mean a thing, but they boiled down to the fact that the Liberal National Party agreed to support the National Government as long as conditions remained (or remain) exceptional. They recognised the fact that problems could not be solved on the old party lines and new approaches had to be made and these problems dealt with on their own merits without prejudice to the old party ties. In other words, they decided to be both patriotic and up to date. Meantime the area councils rapidly got into working order and, on June 24 and 25, 1937, the first annual conference took place at Central Hall, Westminster, with 800 delegates. Various resolutions were passed and four points of essential policy were emphasised. Oddly enough, each of these was incorporated in the Prime Minister's speech at Birmingham a fortnight ago. There was also an emergency resolution congratulating the Prime Minister, and Sir John Simon on his becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer, a tribute to Lord Baldwin

(*Continued on page 124*)

INTERVIEWING A PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATE: Sir Rowland Evans (right), the Secretary of the National Liberal organisation, pictured in his office at Old Queen St.

METROPOLITAN

THE C.I.G.S. AT WOOLWICH: The march past following the half-yearly inspection of cadets of the Royal Military Academy held last week by Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Later Sir Cyril distributed the various prizes, including the Sword of Honour for exemplary conduct which went to Senior Under Officer G. T. A. Armitage, a product of Haileybury

THE JAPANESE ECONOMIC MISSION TO GREAT BRITAIN: Members of the party outside the Board of Trade offices after their official visit. While in England they are exchanging views with manufacturers, bankers, and representatives of Government Departments with a view to improving Anglo-Japanese trading relations. The Mission's leader is Mr. C. Kadono, President of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce

TO BE THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER: An interior view of the Savoy Chapel, which was created a Chapel Royal by George III and has now been accorded this new dignity. Members of the Victorian order are subjects of the Crown who have rendered personal services to the Sovereign

RENOVATING THE SOMERSET HOUSE RELIEFS: Men at work repairing symbolic figures adorning the exterior of the building. The anchor decoration in the background is a reminder that this was at one time the Admiralty, although its main use after its rebuilding in 1775 was as a home for the Royal Academy

CAVITIES IN RESIDENTIAL LONDON: Two famous thoroughfares where demolition is in progress at the moment, changing the face of handsome terraces that have for so long stood unaltered. *Above*—A vast chasm in Grosvenor Place where several houses, with views overlooking Buckingham Palace grounds, have just been removed. *On left*—Princes Gate as it is to-day, with two residences demolished and a modern brick structure erected on a site a little way down the road

GILBERT and SULLIVAN DELIGHT LONDON

"Sphere" Pictures Taken During the Successful Sadler's Wells Season

The Coming Seaside and Provincial Tour

"MARCO AND GIUSEPPE PALMIERI, THE PINK AND FLOWER OF ALL THE GONDOLIERS": John Dudley and Leslie Rands in the production of *The Gondoliers* at Sadler's Wells, where the D'Oyly Carte Company are this week concluding a most successful season prior to taking a short holiday and then starting a late summer, autumn, and winter seaside and provincial tour. On August 30 the company will be in Bournemouth, on September 6 in Southsea, on September 13 in Bristol, on September 27 in Stratford-on-Avon, and on October 11 in Leeds. Last winter the players were in America

On right—"WERE I THY BRIDE, THEN ALL THE WORLD BESIDE WERE NOT TOO WIDE TO HOLD MY WEALTH OF LOVE": Phœbe (Marjorie Eyre) sings to Wilfred Shadbolt (Sydney Granville), head jailer and assistant tormentor, in one of their scenes together in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

"FOR THE MERRIEST FELLOWS ARE WE, TRA LA, THAT PLY ON THE EMERALD SEA, TRA LA": Antonio and chorus in the first act of *The Gondoliers*, perhaps the most popular of all the Savoy operas. During the Sadler's Wells summer season, now concluding, it was presented eight times

On right—"AN ESCORT FOR THE PRISONER WE SOUGHT HIS CELL, IN DUTY BOUND; THE DOUBLE GRATINGS OPEN WERE, NO PRISONER AT ALL WE FOUND": Colonel Fairfax (John Dean), disguised as a yeoman, describes the circumstances of his own escape. One of the dramatic moments in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

READY FOR GOOD-WOOD

New Suits and Gay Colours

for an Informal Meeting

Two very new suits for Goodwood and for the autumn. The one on the left has a blue skirt and a brick-coloured jacket, worn with a bluebell blue scarf: and the one on the right is in spruce green, with a beautifully shaped jacket. Both come from Harrods

OF course, if we happen to be having a heat wave at the end of July you'll probably go to Goodwood in a tailored silk suit. But if, as is more likely, we are not—and certainly if you are planning to buy a suit with one careful eye on the autumn—you will choose one in a novelty wool. You will find that its severity of line is belied by its richness of colours, and you will enjoy the grand feeling that at the end of the day you will be looking as fresh and neat as when you started.

THERE can be no doubt about it. Woollens and tweeds are in for an enormous spell of popularity. Tweeds are even used for cocktail suits, conventional in every way, except that the revers are bordered with inch wide bands of velvet or embroidered with stitched sequins. The blouses that are worn with them are also made in tweed—but in one that is so fine that it is as transparent as voile. Many of them are trimmed with tiny velvet buttons, and are made with gauged fulness set into three-cornered shoulder yokes.

THERE is little that is startlingly new in the way of suit silhouettes. Skirts remain slender. Jackets have slightly increased in length—which is all to the good, for those little coats that reach only to the top of the hip bone are difficult except for the exceptionally slender. You will most likely wear more pockets than you have had before, and you will find buttons more chunky and amusing than ever. For the rest, their newness lies in their combinations of several contrasting colours and in the weave of the materials.

THE detail of both the suits on this page is interesting. You can see them in the large picture, and again, separately, in the smaller photographs. In each the revers are high, the waist is well defined, and the shoulders are squared, and both are made in a woollen fabric that has a slightly rough surface and is woven with cashmere, which makes it both light and warm. Both of them, too, come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge, and are extremely well tailored.

TWO or even three weaves are combined in one outfit. Maybe a pepper-and-salt, a small check, and a diagonal, all in the same colourings, but in different weights. Or you may prefer to combine a check in deep, subtle colours, with a stripe in the same shades. In any case, whatever your preference, you can be dressed in tweeds, and hold your own, in any company, and on any occasion. Definitely suits are a good buy, not only for Goodwood, but right through the autumn and on into the winter.

THE girl who is walking along the path wears a spruce-green suit with two breast pockets, below which inverted pleats run down to the waist, with a deep inverted pleat down the back. It is collarless, with very high pointed revers, and the skirt has a slit at the side. A red and green scarf is worn with it, and its name is Heligoland.

TWO contrasting colours are worn by the girl on the rails. Her skirt is a deep, lovely blue, and her jacket is brick. The skirt is panelled, and the coat has three pocket flaps on the breast and two pockets on the opposite hip. It has a stitched half-belt across the back, and the scarf is in a bluebell blue.

EVEN woollies reflect the subtle and imaginative colours of far countries. It is considered more chic to wear contrasting sweaters and cardigans than matching ones.

The WORLD of BOOKS:

F. S. Smythe gives his Version of the 1933 Assault on Everest: Tragedy in a Fun Fair Setting in J. L. Hodson's "Carnival at Blackport": Fine Writing in "The Outward Room"

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

"VAGRANT IN SUMMER" is the title of Nina Murdoch's latest travel book (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) which is really a record of several holidays spent in Europe, capturing the reader by its flowing style and the manner in which it conjures up the atmosphere of the many and varied places with which it deals. Miss Murdoch's sightseeing may be orthodox, but her impressions are always entertaining

WITH *Everest 1933*, one of the finest books ever written on climbing, Mr. F. S. Smythe's **CAMP SIX** (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.) is worthy of standing in the small collection of adventure classics. Mr. Smythe was a member of Mr. Ruttledge's 1933 expedition and he writes what is substantially the same story as the leader himself. Yet his book is well worth reading even for those who are familiar with the first. It is a necessary postscript, a valuable and fresh viewpoint on an adventure which will never grow stale.

Mr. Smythe's book is written from a diary, amplified on later reflection, but still retaining that precious sense of on-the-spot observation, which can never quite be recaptured at a distance of months. Naturally the most interesting chapters deal with the later stages of the climb, when Mr. Smythe came within a thousand feet of the summit, and was forced to turn back. Writing of this moment he says, "Those who have failed on Everest are unanimous in one thing: the relief of not having to go on outweighs all other considerations", and mentions a theory of his that "in climbing at great altitudes, when mind and body are in the grip of an insidious lethargy, it is on the subconscious, rather than on the conscious, that the climber must rely to push him forwards. Therefore it is essential that the will to reach the summit of Everest be strengthened by a prior determination to get there".

Camp Six, the highest camp yet pitched in the history of Everest, provided almost impossible living conditions, maximum temperatures of twelve below zero, and a loss of physical and mental energy due to the immense altitude, that made the putting on of boots an hour's problem.

Mr. Smythe writes with such reticence of the really amazing courage of the party that one has to look between the lines for the real achievements. That is easy enough, though, and an exciting experience in itself. Mr. Smythe writes in a friendly way about Everest, the mountain that "has no manners," as one might write of a lifelong and familiar adversary. His is the real spirit of the mountaineer who discovers "in discomfort, in storm, in the beauty and grandeur of the mountains" something that is "very much worth while."

Fifty years ago in Nebraska there was not overmuch law, but a very convincing way of enforcing what did exist. The sheriff's posse was judge, jury, and if necessary, executioner, and a man might, though not with legal encouragement, take pot shots at an unpopular neighbour.

It was a wild, empty country and the first settlers had worse perils than Indians to contend with. In 1884 a lonely Swiss drove across the Nebraska plains and halted at a town called Valentine, where there was a land office for the miles of free country to the west and south.

Near there the man pegged out a claim, built a primitive house and worked his land. He defended it from the raids of cattlemen, and established himself. More than that he founded a little community, and after forty years of hardship and work became one of Nebraska's outstanding figures. In that period too he had been married to four women, had been divorced, had driven one mad, and had watched another escape from him. By his fourth wife he had four children, and one of these, Miss Mari Sandoz, has written his astounding biography.

OLD JULES (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is a tribute to his tough, pioneering spirit, and a study of a man whose only faith was in his own judgment. It is a strong and vital portrait and seems to have caught some of the old man's forcefulness and vigour. This book follows none of the known rules of biography except that one essential, to re-create a living person in words. It is discursive, sentimental, brilliantly descriptive and unexpectedly cynical, and is consistent only in its honesty.

HIMALAYAN ADVENTURER: F. S. Smythe, the noted mountaineer, who in his aptly named book *Camp Six* tells the dramatic story of the Ruttledge party's attempt to scale Everest in 1933, describing in detail his sensations on reaching a point only 1,000 ft. from the summit

Very few women would have been capable of biography of this calibre, but then Miss Sandoz had a very rare man for a father.

The characters in Mr. J. L. Hodson's new novel play out their tragedies against a background of fairs, holiday crowds, amusement parks, and boisterous fun. The contrast is a facile one and not unfamiliar, but in **CARNIVAL AT BLACKPORT** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) it achieves a certain pathos, and the device is not too apparent.

Among the vast north country crowds intent on one week of rowdy enjoyment the author has chosen a little knot of people, most of whom are staying at the same boarding-house, and who seem at first glance no different from their thousands of companions. Jake, who has some fair ground concessions and a roving eye, is devoted to his quiet wife, Laura, and looks foward with nothing more emotional than amused tolerance to the birth of their second child. At the same time he is pursuing a passionate but casual affair with a pretty Jewish girl, one of his fellow boarders.

Laura guessing at it, and old Levibold, the girl's father half knowing it, have a tacit sympathy which neither can express. On the night when the carnival reaches its climax, in a whirl of noise and colour and confusion, Laura has a miscarriage and dies Jake, shut up with Sarah rather ludicrously in one of the compartments on the Great Wheel during a breakdown, reaches his wife too late, and a week later commits suicide. Mr. Levibold takes his Sarah off, and with admirable worldly sense, marries her to a young composer without delay.

The violence of the ending a little overbalances the novel in a way; death and disaster seem too severe, too overwhelming a judgment on the commonplace little philanderer. One or two of the characters, too, suffer from a lack of spontaneity. The whimsical old inventor of household gadgets who has never got as far as the Patents Office is too obviously a novelist's creation and it is difficult to believe in him or even to be much amused by him. But the central figures have more life, and old Mr. Levibold has real dignity.

THE OUTWARD ROOM (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) is a strange and haunting book, the story of a beautiful young woman who, having lost her mind at the death of her brother, has spent some years in an asylum, receiving psychopathic treatment. She escapes, makes her way to New York, and when she has come to the end of her money and strength, is rescued by a young workman.

From instinct, rather from intelligence, he is able to soothe and restore her, and their love for each other brings her back, completely and finally, to a state of normal happiness and security. In all this, and the greater part of the book shows the world through her eyes, and is intimately concerned with her over-sensitive, over-stimulated reactions, there is nothing morbid. It is an extraordinary theme, and might easily have become sensational or incredible. It is neither because the author, Mr. Millen Brand, writes with the most delicate perception and without a single false note.

Remarkably, for the writing is a great deal more than competent, this is a first novel, and in its moments of beauty and its convincing honesty, a really fine one.

A LAMP ON THE PLAINS (Constable. 8s. 6d.) is a sprawling, unwieldy, immensely readable American novel about a small-town boy, independent, poor, enterprising, and likeable. The kind of boy who might not be alive to the extremes of emotion or of sensibility, but whose own integrity and fortitude would compensate for a lack of more subtle qualities.

At the opening of the story Danny is a stowaway on a train, bound as he hopes for New Mexico. By chance he leaves the train at a little town, and it is there that, equally by chance, his life begins to take root. There comes to Vrain not long after a "Professor" Burlington, an odd, dominating character, with more than a touch of the charlatan about him.

His one common bond with Danny is a longing for power, an aspiration still latent in the boy, but developed to the point of mania in the older man. Before long the quack professor has the gullible townspeople under his influence and proceeds to exploit them without sympathy or much judgment, for they turn on him and his brief day of dictatorship comes to an end.

The object lesson to Danny is clear, and the next stage of his enlightenment is reached with some friendly ranchers who gave him his first experience of family life, and, indirectly, his first intimations of love. A short and stormy stage at a military college ends the book and leaves Danny with his new discovery of friendship. Mr. Paul Horgan, in what one has learned to regard as the modern manner, minces no words, and alternates between a photographic realism and a more exalted, less lucid style, but as a whole the book is entertaining, and the life just remote enough to give it a spice of the exotic.

THE FEMINA VIE HEUREUSE: Margaret Lane, a London woman journalist, winner of this annual award for "a work of imaginative literature," receiving the prize from Sir William Rothenstein at the Institut Français, Kensington

BOOKS RECEIVED

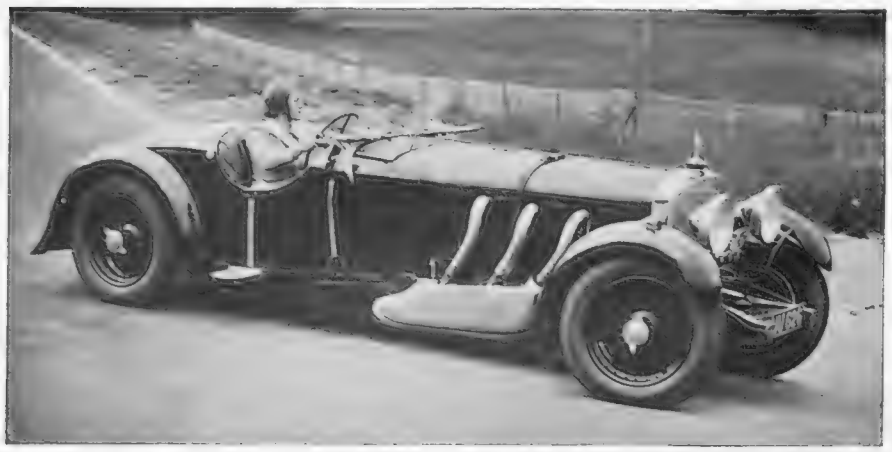
COUNTRY LIFE.—ELEMENTS OF RIDING. By R. S. Summerhays. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. A GARDENER'S TESTAMENT: A Selection of Articles and Notes. By Gertrude Jekyll. Edited by Francis Jekyll and G. C. Taylor. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. SEASIDE HOUSES AND BUNGALOWS. Edited by Ella Carter. 6s. PETER DAVIES.—THIS SALZBURG! By F. Czernin. Illustrated by E. Ledebur. 6s. FABER & FABER.—RICHARD JEFFERIES: Selections of his Work, with Details of his Life and Circumstance, his Death and Immortality. By Henry Williamson. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—I'LL BE JUDGE, I'LL BE JURY. By Milward Kennedy. 7s. 6d. TOWARDS THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION. Edited by R. B. Y. Scott. 6s. THE PEOPLE'S FRONT. By G. D. H. Cole. 7s. 6d. GENTLEMAN OVERBOARD. By Herbert Clyde Lewis. 6s. THE TRIUMPH OF BARABBAS. By Giovanni Giglio. 10s. 6d. PERRY'S COWS. By Margaret Iles. 7s. 6d. THE CITADEL. By A. J. Cronin. 8s. 6d. GRAYSON.—ALL THIS HAPPENED TO ME. By Maude Ffoulkes. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. GUN-COTTON—ADVENTURE NINE. By Rupert Grayson. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—ORDEAL IN ENGLAND. By Philip Gibbs. 8s. 6d. THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII. By Paul Rival. Translated from the French by Una Lady Troubridge. 12s. 6d. THE BAROTIQUE MYSTERY. By George Harmon Coxe. 7s. 6d. ACT OF GOD. By F. Tennyson Jesse. 7s. 6d. LISA. By H. S. Hoff. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—VAGRANT IN SUMMER; Holiday Memories of Nine European Towns. By Nina Murdoch. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THIRTEEN MOONS. By Mabel L. Tyrrell. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—THE ROADS AND THE PROBLEM OF THEIR SAFETY. By Sir Malcolm Campbell. 3s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—THE "CORONATION" AND OTHER FAMOUS L.N.E.R. TRAINS. By Cecil J. Allen. 1s. SUE VERNEY. By Jack Lindsay. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—OVERTURE TO LIFE. By Margery Lawrence. 7s. 6d. JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE. By James A. Roy. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JOINER & STEELE.—GROPING IN THE DARK. By F. P. Barton. 2s.

This England . . .

Clovelly, N. Devon

HERE is a place, you would say, that cannot change—a museum-piece with its winter flowers and staircase street that knows no petrol fume. And its little Norman church declares that even the lords of the manor have borne one name a good six hundred years—here surely was opportunity for change. Though no older than elsewhere, it is as if a root of that great tree that is England shewed above ground in these parts. Many such roots has England for her strength—in places, in men, and in the habits they have learned. The beer called Worthington, which has not changed these centuries past, is one that in its humble way has added not a little to the grand timber of the English frame.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



A NOTED WOMAN DRIVER: Mrs. Roy Eccles, the first woman to compete over the Crystal Palace Road Racing Circuit in the London Grand Prix, held to-day, inspecting the track in her Mercédès car prior to driving her husband's Rapier Special in the race

MOTOR TRADE CRITICS ANSWERED

A Run In a Humber Pullman Limousine Which Can More Than Hold Its Own Against Foreign Competition

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

CRITICS of the British motor trade frequently assert that foreign-built cars are cheaper, better, and nicer than British vehicles where larger cars are concerned. Such statements may have been more or less correct five or six years ago, but to-day such criticisms are quite senseless. There are several examples in what I would term the big-car class which can more than hold their own against any foreign competitors in this country.

These remarks are prompted by a recent mid-week run in a Humber Pullman limousine. The name of Humber has always been borne by vehicles that have been a credit to the motor industry of this country, and as a result of my experience with the latest Pullman limousine I feel quite confident that we have nothing to fear from foreign competitors but actually can teach them something if they care to learn. This big Humber has a very powerful 6-cylinder engine and is claimed to develop over 100 brake h.p. I certainly have not the slightest cause to doubt that claim because the way the engine pulls the large car to which it is fitted is quite miraculous.

The power is passed through to the road wheels in the form of a silent urge. At no speed does the driver or the occupants of the car hear any unpleasant noise or feel any vibration from the power unit. It starts up easily in the morning and when the driver's foot is pressed down on the accelerator pedal no moss can grow on the face of the speedometer beyond the 70 mark. This limousine handles well, sits pleasantly on the road, and in spite of its being what one would call a large car it is easy to manœuvre, bearing in mind the size.

From the driver's angle I was pleased to note that I was given very good visibility not only of the outside world but also of the instruments on the facia board. The steering wheel too has a rim the section of which is easy and comfortable to grip. The gear change was as easy as could be desired but the engine was so flexible that I found gear changing was almost unnecessary. However, when I did have to use the indirect ratios they were quiet and nicely selected.

This particular car is, of course, fitted with the well-known Humber Even-keel Independent Frontwheel Suspension. Motorists who have not tried this design of front suspension have missed quite a lot. It certainly makes a great difference to the comfort of all the occupants, and I also feel certain that it makes the steering of the car infinitely more pleasant. With a car having the capabilities of this Humber, good brakes are essential and I found before many miles had been covered that no matter how fast I went the brakes were adequate to deal with any sudden situation that might arise. No description of this Humber would be complete without some reference to the equipment of the car. To start with there is seating accommodation for seven people, two of these being accommodated on what are usually known as occasional seats. These two seats face forwards and fold away flush in an exceedingly neat manner and, what is perhaps more important, they are comfortable. The rear seat which is fitted with a central folding arm rest is adjustable for angle by a hand-winder. Then again there is a folding armrest to the front seat, and the rests at the sides fitted to the doors are adjustable.

All this is evidence of the thorough manner in which the Company have looked after the occupants of the car. I was particularly struck with what I might call the controls on the doors. Being the driver I was, of course, principally concerned with those on the off-side front door. There was a quick lift handle to raise the window in an instant, a smaller handle controlled the draughtless ventilated window, and then the lever to open the door itself is placed in such a position that any driver can get at it instantly.

I don't think I have ever seen what I might call a standard model limousine turned out so luxuriously and so thoroughly equipped. When it is considered that a price under £800 is asked for this car, the average person who has had experience of a Humber and its performance must be at a loss to understand how it can be produced for the money.

Another car which I tested recently is the "T" model M.G. Midget and this car now has a larger engine and it is a more comfortable vehicle than was the case previously. There is always a danger that when a manufacturer of sports cars decides to give more comfort that the performance will suffer accordingly. I found, however, that on this latest M.G. such was not the case.

(*Continued on page* 118)

BY TRAIN TO FRANCE: The *Shepperton Ferry* leaving Dover for Dunkerque on its maiden trip. This train ferry was brought into service on June 28 last

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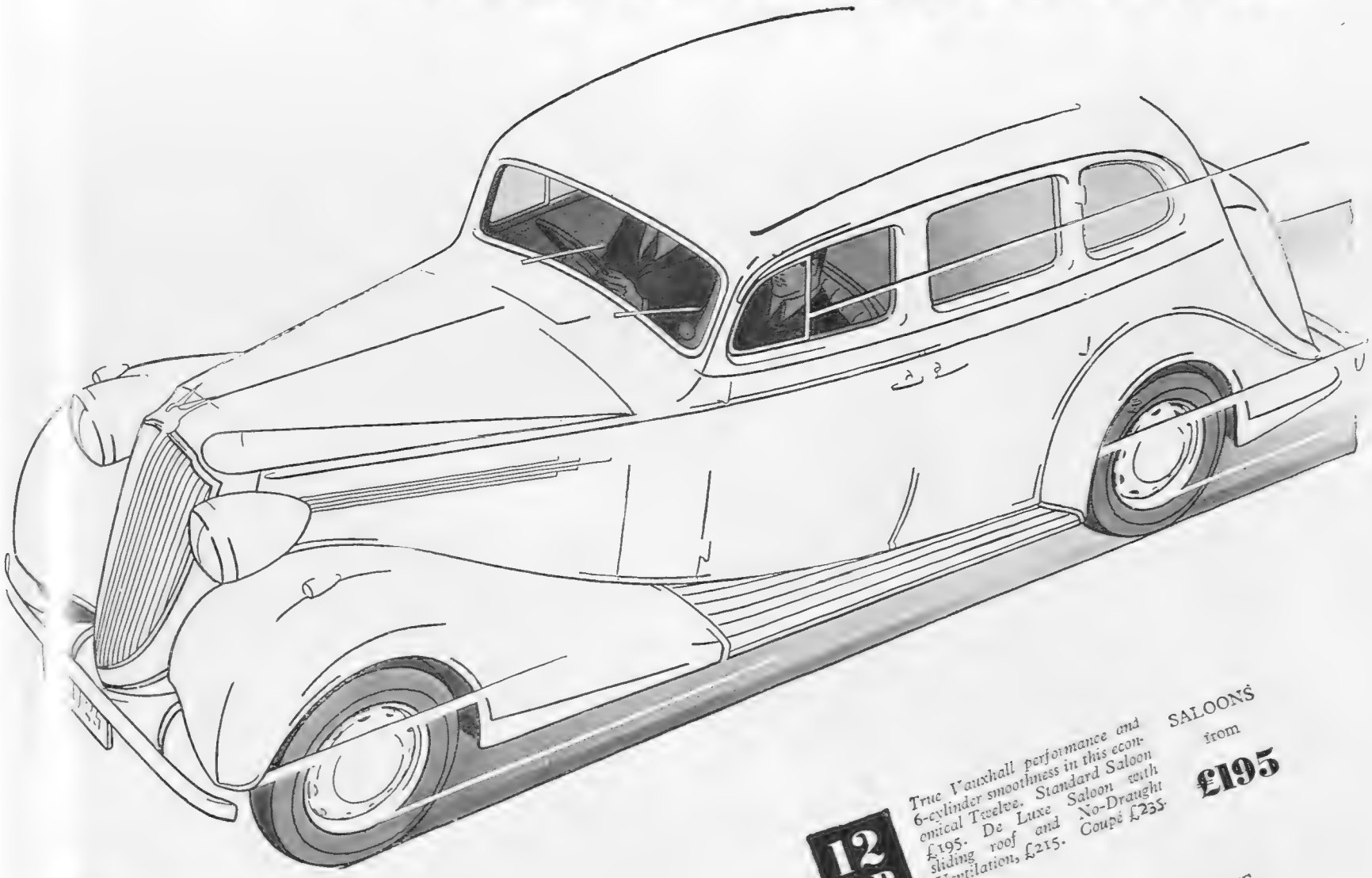

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THE COMMONWEALTH SETS EUROPE WONDERING (*Continued from page 94*)

it, in the fact, work out so? And to what extent? Would Canada go all out to the aid of Australia or South Africa? Canada is viewed as being the luckiest part of the Empire, sure of the Monroe shield if things came to Imperial disaster; and this leads foreign quizzers on to the expression of a conviction that at some ulterior date fusion of a kind between United States, Dominions, and Britain, only lies in the nature of things inevitable.

Figuring rather as the reverse of Canada, South Africa appears to many Continentals as in for a nervous future, but whereas the South African will tell you that his country's greatest and most perilous problem is the native one, that is hardly the way the Continent views it. The Continent looks at this land flowing with gold and diamonds, evidently booked for a future more fabulous than the past.

The movement in South Africa to establish a working connection with the Portuguese, Belgian, and French possessions, eventually making for a great friendly federation extending to the equator and above it, is noted, but the assumption seems to be that, for as far as one may see ahead, the Union's best protection is to get thoroughly air-minded to the extent that it may be in a position to have a first air line of defence.

Another foreign line of speculation hinges on the possible annexation by the Dominions of the territories mandated to them. A high Dominions authority is quoted as having declared: "the Germans have by their own admission torn up the Versailles Treaty, that is to say, of course, also the League Covenant under which we hold our mandates. Why should only one side do the tearing up?" I much doubt if the gentleman in question ever said such a thing. The Dominions have a good deal to hope for from Geneva, even now.

If certain of the Dominions are now beginning to go out after regional security pacts, these could hardly be concluded on a basis of locking out all future emigration to the benefiting territories. So runs a Polish argument. The Poles, it may be recalled, are about the only people, besides the Germans and Italians, who hanker after colonies, though the Warsaw hankering is not strong, albeit stronger than the Austrian.

To conclude, if the Empire is a strange salad viewed by one of its own citizens, it is a far stranger affair as it appears in the eyes of the average foreigner when no difference is made between Canada, Egypt, India, Kenya, Shanghai, Basutoland, the Solomons, Eire, F.M.S., Gibraltar, and so on and on. In their infinite variety they are usually pictured, referred to, or included, as enjoying one and the same "dominion status."

CONTINUATIONS

FORBIDDEN BHUTAN (*Continued from page 98*)

perfect rhythm the whole four miles to Paro. After the dancers came His Excellency, surrounded by a personal bodyguard, riding on a gaily decorated pony specially sent for him by the Penlop. The whole procession winding its way along beside the river presented a brilliant spectacle of medieval pageantry.

Paro Dzong, the fortress home of the Paro Penlop, soon came into view, a square massive building of great size standing on a rocky mound overlooking the river. Below the Dzong stood the Guest House, and to the entrance of this along an avenue of flags through dense crowds of villagers, our procession made its way. At the entrance our host awaited us.

Heavily built, with marked Mongolian features, he was as genial a being as one could wish to meet.

In Bhutan, as well as in Tibet, the exchange of white silk scarves takes the place of our European handshake on greeting and leave-taking. When saying goodbye both parties wave their scarves and emit strange cries, which, echoing through the hills, continue till they are out of sight.

The exchange of presents is another essential rule of etiquette when visiting in Bhutan. This has become so expensive a matter that the chieftains of Bhutan visit each other as little as possible. The Paro Penlop, though thirty-five years of age, has never travelled beyond the confines of his own valley.

Next morning the whole ceremonial procession arrived at the Guest House to conduct us to the Dzong. Winding our way up the hill we came to the main entrance of the fort, where, at the top of a massive flight of steps laid with a red carpet, stood the Penlop. After exchanging scarves and greetings the procession of more than 100 men moved up the steps into the courtyard of the Dzong. Here for two hours we witnessed devil dancing as fine as any to be seen in the Buddhist world, and of a quality seldom seen by European eyes.

First came the Lama's dance performed by monks of the Paro monastery. It was the most impressive and most dignified of the whole performance. Some twenty lamas filed into the court; men of fine physique and stately bearing, they were dressed in long silken cloaks of gorgeous colour, reaching to the ground. Each one carried some instrument and the rhythm of the drums and the clashing cymbals, combined with the deep bass notes of the radongs, held us fascinated, so incomparably finer was it than anything we had heard of the kind before.

Lamas and soldiers dressed as cemetery ghouls, bulls, stags, and other queer creatures followed one another in succession, keeping perfect time together as they twirled and leapt about the court. Later we followed the Penlop into lunch, a meal of rice, tripe, and yak's meat.

For the afternoon an archery competition had been arranged. This is a sport of which the Bhutanese are particularly fond, and on this day they had assembled from all over the Paro valley to match their skill. Our seats, contrary to the usual practice, were arranged midway between marksman and target, giving us an unpleasantly close view of the arrow whilst in flight.

Next morning we left Paro on our homeward journey. The ceremonial procession, band, dancers, and the Penlop himself accompanied us for the first four miles. Here a halt was made and the scarcely recognisable strains of "God Save the King" came from the pipe band. We took a sad farewell of our host who stood waving his long white scarf till we were out of sight, the shrill farewell cries of his retainers growing ever fainter in the distance.

MOTOR TRADE CRITICS ANSWERED (*Continued from page 116*)

In addition to the engine being larger, more room is given to the occupants and the weather equipment has been greatly improved. The performance of the car is most satisfactory and it still gives the driver that pleasure in driving which has always been a feature of M.Gs.

I will not pretend to be what I might term a hard-boiled sports enthusiast. I definitely do not enjoy driving an open car in a thunderstorm, but there are thousands of younger people who do and, of course, to them an M.G. is heaven sent. The manufacturers, however, have in this latest model made their car of definite appeal to those of the motoring public who like the feel of a small sports car and yet prefer to be amply protected from the wind and rain. I can see, therefore, that we shall find the average age of an M.G. Midget driver increasing.

The engine is a 4-cylinder job, is easy to start and is agreeably smooth when pulling. The gear-box is controlled by a small centrally placed lever which is a sheer joy to operate. The suspension is far better than that of any other M.G. Midget I have ever tried and the new Lockheed-operated brakes give the driver that necessary assurance which is so essential on a fast car.

Until one has driven an M.G. of this kind it is a little difficult to appreciate what can be done with a small fast car. It can thread its way in and out of traffic in a manner which is quite impossible with a larger vehicle. The acceleration available enables the driver to get ahead of the car in front with the minimum of wait. Its petrol consumption is ridiculously small and I should imagine that the other items of its running costs are equally light. Certainly, this latest Midget is an interesting vehicle.

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Derbyshire's Rural Charm—Easier and Cheaper Motoring in France—The Fascination of Yugoslavia

IZAAK'S COUNTY.—One is so apt nowadays to take for granted the high standard to which pamphlets describing one part of the world or another have attained that an outstanding production is required to make anything but a transient impression. Such, however, is achieved by the recently issued publication compiled by several hands and published by Messrs. Cross-Courtenay, Ltd., of Manchester. Derbyshire has many pleasant features, and they are given full prominence in this beautiful production. Famous for scenery, for its lovely houses, from delightful cottages and farms to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, the county is not least important as the home of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Particular emphasis is laid on the work of the National Trust and the Society for the Preservation of Rural England. Both bodies are doing sterling work in Derbyshire, and already a notable stretch of the valley of the Dove is either in the hands of the Trust or protected by covenants. The short introduction to the pamphlet written by the Duke of Devonshire is also a reminder of the service of preservation rendered by great landowners. Particular attractions of Derbyshire are her thermal springs as at Buxton, her limestone rocks (always a prolific source of picturesque scenery and unexpected flowers) as at Matlock, and her streams which draw one by their very names, the Dove, the Manifold, and the Lathkill, for instance. Of these, the Derbyshire Wye is famous as the only stream in our islands where rainbow trout have become acclimatised.

An Important Amalgamation.—The combination of the various French railway offices in London into one under the name of "French Railways—National Tourist Office," with its headquarters at No. 179, Piccadilly, will, if possible, improve the already excellent service which hitherto has been rendered by the various bureaux. The amalgamation means that tickets for the whole of France will now be obtainable at this office, and the benefit of all control being under one management is obvious. While on the subject of travel in France it may be well to comment on the folder issued by the above already named relating to the summer season. In addition to a vast number of tours suggested, the various concessions open to visitors to France this year are emphasised. These are remarkable. For instance, for motorists there is the abolition of the statistical tax, Customs formalities, and stamp duties, a 20 per cent. reduction on twice the cost of transport of motors in one direction, and a reduction of 60 centimes per litre on 20 litres of petrol per day. For holders of *Cartes de Légitimation* there are reduced fares on the railways, air lines, many theatres in Paris, and all museums and national palaces there and in the provinces. The benefits of the *Cartes de Légitimation* have been commented on before on this page. Intending visitors are, however, advised to procure the folder already mentioned in order fully to appreciate the various advantages of a trip to France this summer.

Yugoslavia.—There is a strong fascination about Yugoslavia where East and West meet in their most picturesque forms. The fez and yashmak have been banished from their strongholds under the rule of Ataturk, but they survive in this Balkan kingdom where mosques and churches are neighbours. The peasant costumes too are particularly fine. Both inland, in such resorts as Bled standing on the shores of its alpine lake, and on the coasts at such places as Crikvenica and Rab, Yugoslavia provides lovely scenery and all the amenities of a holiday in the way of ideal bathing, tours, and games. There are two interesting towns like Sarajevo and Zagreb to be visited and trips to be made to the islands along the coast. The Romans and Venetians have left many traces of their dominion in this part of the world, and the visitor, as he views the magnificent palace of Diocletian at Split, will ponder sadly that this colossal building which inspired the brothers Adam to design the Adelphi has survived the product of their genius.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Lauterbrunnen.—Lauterbrunnen is a very lovely little village in the Bernese Oberland and lies in the valley between Wengen and Mürren. It is a particularly delightful place for walking, and the scenery is magnificent. It is usually pleasantly warm in July but not hot, and the district is renowned among lovers of flowers. There are swimming pools at Wengen and Interlaken about 20 mins. away. Lauterbrunnen is also famous for its mountain torrents and picturesque waterfalls, and the Trümelbach Falls are a 3-mile walk from the town. It is the starting point for the Wengen funicular railway, and also for the funicular ascending to Grütschalp on the route to Wengen. The biggest hotel there (seventy-five rooms) is the Kurhaus Steinbock, where the *en pension* terms are 9 frs. per day, and a smaller hotel is the Silberhorn which charges 7 frs. per day.

NATURE'S MUSIC: The picturesque Staubbach Falls at Lauterbrunnen in the Bernese Oberland lying in the valley between Wengen and Mürren. Lovers of mountain scenery will find much to attract them to this spot during the summer season

THE CITY OF THE CENTURIES: A panoramic view of Split which has the most important harbour on the Yugoslav Adriatic coast. Among the many historic edifices visitors can see the magnificent palace of Diocletian and the cathedral with its twelfth-century gates

COMMEMORATING PRUSSIA'S MOST CELEBRATED SCULPTOR: A view of the great hall of the Rauch-Museum in Berlin named after the famous sculptor and architect, Christian Daniel Rauch who died in 1857. This museum is in the Charlottenburg Castle, Berlin and was inaugurated in 1930. The works of Rauch include the monument of Frederick the Great in Berlin

Germany.—Your letter addressed to the Berlin office of Illustrated Newspapers has been forwarded to us for reply, and we have much pleasure in sending the information for which you ask. At Berlin we suggest you try the Pension Bauer, Kantstrasse 18, near the Zoological Gardens. We do not know this personally, but understand that it is comfortable. The terms for room and full pension are 6 r.m. to 7½ r.m. per day. We would like to point out that you could not stay for more than a week in Berlin on the figure you mention if you are to see all there is to be seen, and it would hardly cover a stay in more than one place. We send you a pamphlet on the Harz and Thuringia districts which are not too distant from Berlin, and in fact you could go through the Harz on your outward or homeward journey, stopping at Düsseldorf, Hanover, or Brunswick (Braunschweig).

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Searching for Comfort Along with Pleasant Surround

ONE of the joys of rough shooting is, I believe, the mixed bag—pheasant, grouse, blackgame, partridge, snipe, woodcock, pigeons and rabbits—or perhaps nothing at all. Every morning when I open my letters from SPHERE readers I too get a very mixed post bag: some quite straightforward inquiries asking me for a good hotel in some definite locality: some of a rather more intriguing nature, discreet inquiries as regards honeymoon hotels and so on. Then come the more difficult ones, for each morning has its conundrum, which provide food for thought, and material for this week's article.

This morning a letter came from the Midlands asking my advice for a bracing place to go to in September. Not Buxton, or Scotland, or the Guildford neighbourhood. Faced with these restrictions, I got out my thinking cap, and I hope the solution will be found amongst the following suggestions:

Grand Hotel, Cromer.—As one who eats to live and who could never be accused of living to eat, it is rarely that I get excited about the thought of another meal, but at Cromer I get positively ravenous, and stored away in my memory are thoughts of many memorable meals taken at the Grand, based on first-class fare and service.

I suppose every hotel has its off days, and if the Grand at Cromer is no exception to this, they are like total eclipses of the sun—rarely visible. The Grand faces the sea. From its windows you can view those marvellous sunsets peculiar to this part of the Norfolk coast. It is a family hotel and has been under the same proprietorship for many years. September is invariably a glorious month at Cromer, and what an easy run by car it is from the Midlands, Yorkshire, and London.

But of course it may be a case of "teaching my grandmother." My inquirer may already know Cromer far better than I do, so here is the second choice from my mixed bag, the St. George's Hotel, Llandudno.

Last year I recall writing about Llandudno, and pointing out that the puffins, the petrels, and other families of sea-birds made, and still make a twice yearly practice of stopping awhile at Llandudno en route to the north in spring and the south in autumn.

What more obvious thing than for human families to imitate these intelligent birds and autumn awhile at Llandudno where there is not only the benefit of sea air, but that delicious rarefied mountain air, which one can enjoy amongst the mountains of North Wales.

The St. George's Hotel is most strategically placed for an autumn holiday. It stands on the front on a curve of the bay, with Great Orme and Little Orme protecting it from autumnal nips. Close to the St. George's Hotel

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

the Coast in Conjunction ings and Bracing Air

are gardens where you can see the most delicate flowers growing in the open. Of the hotel itself little need be said, except to say that it is first class and without pretence to be super class. It offers all that a first-class hotel should plus the personal attention of a manager who realises that it is little attentions that make for increasing clientele.

Then as a final alternative just in case my Midland inquirer has been eyeing with envy the railway posters proclaiming the sunny south, I would suggest the Princes Hotel, Folkestone. This hotel literally does, as its advertisement states, "lie in the lee of the Leas . . . with the smile of the sun." In a minute or two you can, on leaving the front door of the Princes, be inhaling all the fresh air you want on Folkestone's famous Leas, whilst at another time you can within a very short while be wandering in the car amidst leafy Kentish lanes with that unconscious yet satisfactory feeling that you have at all times a particularly comfortable headquarters to return to.

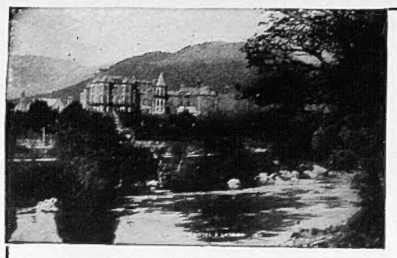
The Princes Hotel, Folkestone, is to my mind the perfect size for an hotel in that it is neither too large nor too small. It is fully licensed. There is a homely personal atmosphere. Its position is particularly happy, central, and sheltered. There is not a bad bedroom amongst the whole seventy. There are some excellent private suites on the ground floor, and behind everything there is the personal touch of the resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Bladon.

As a complete contrast to the bracing conundrum was the inquirer who said: "You will not be able to help me, I expect, but what I want is a really first-class hotel (price a secondary consideration) where I can spend the autumn and winter in sunny, sheltered surroundings, where it is essential in addition to there being a lift that there should be no steps at all to my bedroom, and if possible a sheltered balcony leading off from the bedroom where I could sit out on most winter days."

I told my inquirer he would find all he wanted and a good deal more at either the Victoria or Fortfield Hotels at Sidmouth.

On each occasion I have visited them I have always felt that specialists in Harley Street and Wimpole Street would considerably enhance their reputations if they would prescribe more frequently the Victoria or Fortfield Hotels, Sidmouth, to those of their patients who were in need of convalescence, meticulous attention to diets, and a very high degree of personal consideration.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London.*



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Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

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Cowes (I.o W.)—Gloster Hotel.

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Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
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Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

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Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2
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Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
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Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

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Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
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Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS: *Answers to Correspondents*

"Sweep" (Fordingbridge).—If you want to know of some really small inns, clean, comfortable, and cheap, you should write to the P.R.H.A. (People's Refreshment House Association Ltd.) F. Dept. 193, Regent Street, W.1 for the little booklet they publish. It is quite an eye-opener on delightful inns tucked away in most unexpected spots.

E.H.B. (Bath).—I am glad to hear my articles have helped you on several occasions to find comfortable quarters for your holidays. As regards pastures new, I can recommend very strongly the following: Falmouth, the Greenbank Hotel; near Minehead, Holnicote House Hotel, Allerford; Yelverton on Dart, moor, Moorlands Hotel; Plymouth-Westminster Hotel.

Mrs. C. (Fleet).—There is a lovely country house type of hotel in Wales, Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, 30 miles west of Shrewsbury on the shore of the lake. In Northumberland I can recommend the Otterburn Hall Hotel, Otterburn, on the Carter Bar route to Scotland. In Yorkshire I can suggest two which you would like, Newton House Hotel, at Leeming Lane and the Three Arrows Hotel, Boroughbridge. Both are very popular amongst "one nighters" going north or south.

WHAT OF THE LIBERAL NATIONALS?

(Continued from page 110)

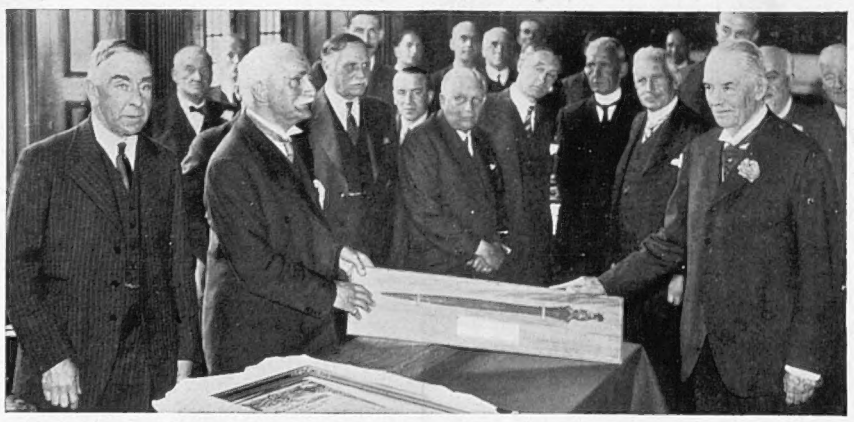
and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and an appreciation of Lord Runciman. This was all routine work—but still!

To-day the Liberal National Party in the House of Commons numbers thirty-three, whereas the opposition Liberals have been reduced to nineteen. In the recent miniature general election two Liberal National candidates held their seats, one being made vacant by the death of the sitting member and the other by the elevation of Mr. Runciman to the peerage. What was really important was the St. Ives election in which the Liberal Nationals got their man in against the strongest possible candidate. Mr. Isaac Foot is a Privy Councillor, a local man, and a Methodist. Religion in this election played a very strong part. Mr. Foot carefully emphasised it throughout his electioneering. Every chapel hoarding had posters telling the congregation to vote for Foot. This became so flagrant that one of the Liberal National speakers made a speech in which he said that he objected to all monopolies, and above all he objected to Mr. Isaac Foot claiming the monopoly of God. Actually it was a real David and Goliath contest in every sense of the word, for Mr. Alec Beechman is a diminutive fellow, and the whole of the Samuelites including Lord Samuel himself came down and did their damnedest.

What is the position now? Well, constitutionally there need be no general election until 1940, but a Government seldom waits for the legal limit to go to the country. The Liberal National Party wants to put as many candidates in the field as possible, because it knows that there are at least 3,000,000 Liberal supporters of the National Government in the country, and the Party takes the view, not surprisingly, that to have only thirty-three M.Ps. is not proportionate. Besides, there were at least 100 constituencies where the Government (Conservative) candidate was beaten at the last election, and they think that in several cases the Liberal National might well succeed where the Conservative failed. At present the Liberal National Party remains a patriotic buffer between the Conservatives and the Socialists. Whether the Party can ever gain a real ascendency in the House of Commons is highly problematic. It would need some devastating crisis, one imagines, to cause such a split in the Conservative Party as to make this possible. On the other hand, it is pointed out to me that many of the National Conservative candidates are more National than Conservative—and anyway, hope springs eternal, doesn't it?

Honour for Boyd Neel

On August 27 Mr. Boyd Neel will give a Purcell-Elgar-Delius Concert in the Mozarteum at Salzburg. His will be the first British orchestra ever to have been invited to take part in the Festival. The Orchestra, which has broadcast regularly for the past three years under the name of the Boyd Neel String Orchestra, has given many first performances of modern works as well as having played old and rare music which its conductor makes a hobby of unearthing at the British Museum



FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Lord Desborough, at the Incorporated Accountants' Hall, receiving a presentation consisting of an illuminated address and a bronze sword 2,800 years old, found in the bed of the river near his home at Taplow, as a mark of recognition for his services on the Thames Conservancy Board, which extend over a period of forty-one years

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Newport Market Army Bands School, a Branch of this Society, held its Annual Inspection recently, attended by General Sir Walter Kirke, K.C.B., C.M.G. After inspecting the Cadet Corps and distribution of prizes, the General in addressing the boys remarked that he had inspected a large number of Territorials, School Corps and others in Scotland, Wales, and other parts of Great Britain, but during his experience he had never had a programme placed before him with such variety in it as he had seen at Darrick Wood. This speaks well for the work being carried on for these young bandsmen, and we recommend it to our readers for all the support it deserves. Donations, which are most urgently needed, should be sent to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district. Thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.—The hotel for personal service, comfort, and refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated the entrance of the old town. Opposite the station.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks. 6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Walchensee.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pension from 7 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

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Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. htl. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fr. Fr. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 5.50. Pension rate fm. Fr. 13.—Th. Wirth, Man. Prop.

Lausanne.—Victoria Hotel.—(First class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class English house. Finest situation on lake. Open-air rest. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lugano (Southn Switzerland) Grand Htl. Palace.—Finest situation directly on lake prom., quiet yet central, open-air restaurant, large park, tennis.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—The leading hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from S. Frs. 14.50. F. Borter, prop.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st-cl., every mod. comft, ex. cuisine, lrge grdn, swim, tennis, mountaineering, all incl. rates fm. 15s.

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